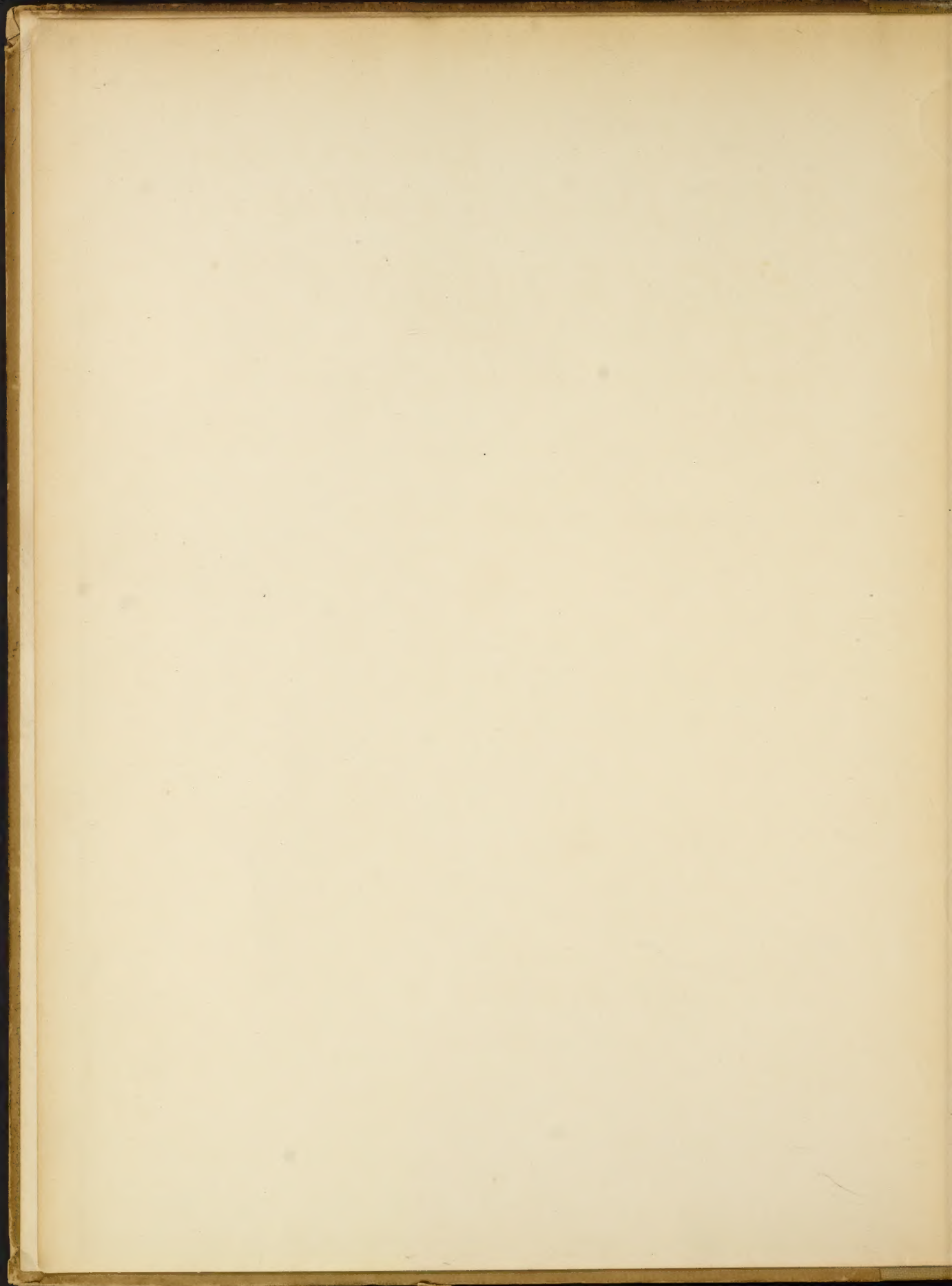


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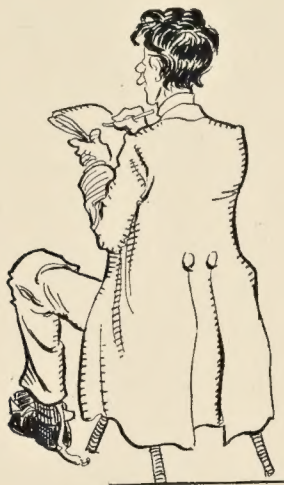
BIRD CENTER CARTOONS

A Chronicle of Social Happenings at Bird Center, Illinois

PICTURES AND TEXT

BY

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



CHICAGO

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

1904

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1904

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A WORD ABOUT BIRD CENTER

THE pictures and text in this collection are intended to chronicle the social happenings in a small community. Beyond this, there has been no definite purpose in the work. If the collection seems to satirize some forms of gayety in the smaller communities, or if it should happen to poke a little good-natured fun at some of the ornate pretensions of society in the larger communities, so much the better, for then the book may be endowed with a mission. You will find Bird Centerites in large cities as well as in small ones, and it is to be regretted that there are not more of them. For they are all good, generous, and genuine people, and their social circle is one to which any one gifted with good instincts and decency may enter. The poor are as welcome as the rich, and the one who would share their pleasures is not required to show a luxuriant genealogical tree. There are no social feuds or jealousies, no false pretenses, and no striving to be more than one really is. No one feels himself to be better than his neighbor, and the impulse of generosity and kindness is common to all. In the words of Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle, of Philadelphia, Pa., "there is not a cross word in the history of Bird Center."

JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

Chicago, February 20, 1904

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THE SURPRISE PARTY
THE GRAND MASQUERADE PARTY
THE SKATING PARTY
A LITERARY EVENING
THE ARRIVAL OF THE AUTOMOBILE

These Cartoons concern the Social Doings and Adventures of the following People

- REV. WALPOLE, "a man to all the country dear."
- MRS. RILEY WITHERSBY, the "Grand Dame" of Bird Center. If everybody were as good as she, there would be no need of churches.
- CAPT. ROSCOE FRY, who fought at Gettysburg, Pa. He will tell you many an interesting anecdote of that memorable fight.
- MR. J. MILTON BROWN, the well known artist of the Bird Center Tintype Studio. He has no enemies in Bird Center.
- MR. SMILEY GREENE, the popular undertaker. A man of infinite good humor and the soul of exuberant joy. He will cheer you up no matter how far down you are.
- MR. J. OSCAR FISHER, "ye editor." He will put your name in the paper if you are among those present.
- "MINE HOST" MORT PETERS, of the Bird Center House. If you should visit Bird Center, Mort will entertain you by the day or week, American style, with dinner at noon and supper at six.
- MR. GUS FIGGEY, of Chicago, the busiest man in the world. He "gets busy" and hopes you will do the same.
- MR. WINTHROP K. BIDDLE, of Philadelphia, Pa. He came out of the East to woo one of Bird Center's fairest daughters. He was slow but sure, for he finally won her, and we hope he will live happily ever afterward.
- MR. CHRIS C. NEWBOWER, who takes a drink now and then, but principally now. Chris is only an "innocent bystander" in social doings.
- MR. ELMER PRATT, who can always be counted on to carry water at the picnics. Elmer wears a pompadour.
- MR. RILEY PETERS, the village frivoller. If you are a young lady visiting in Bird Center, Riley will do the honors and propose to you with his fingers crossed.
- MR. WILBUR FRY, "he plays musical instruments." When you attend a social function at Bird Center, you will see Wilbur and his mandolin.
- MR. ORVILLE PETERS. Orville is the musical collaborator of Mr. Wilbur Fry.
- MR. ERNEST PRATT, of St. Louis. Ernest has come to visit his brother Elmer. He wears whiskers and sings in the choir. If the prairies are set on fire, Ernest can prove an alibi.
- MRS. REV. WALPOLE, mother of the nine rollicking Walpoles.
- JUDGE WARDEN, of the Superior Court. He has been mentioned for Congress, for the Senate, and for Governor, and if he were a democrat he would be mentioned for President.
- DR. CROSBY NIEBLING. "Doc" will get a cure out of you if there is any cure in you.
- MR. WES KIDWELL, the station agent, father of little Homer Kidwell, who won third prize at the Baby Show.
- ATTORNEY D. I. BLACK, who does n't take society seriously, but who drifts in when functions are going on.
- MRS. ROSCOE FRY, wife of Captain Roscoe Fry. Her mission in life is to interrupt the Captain when he tells about Gettysburg, Pa.
- MRS. J. MILTON BROWN, née Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, formerly daughter of Captain Fry. She stands for the elevation of her sex.
- MRS. SMILEY GREENE, who gives the cues for her husband's jokes.
- MISS MYRTLE PETERS, daughter of Mine Host Mort Peters. Myrtle is a debutante and has nothing else to do.
- MRS. DOC NIEBLING—just Mrs.—that's all.
- MISS FLOSSY NIEBLING, née Flora. Now you know her.
- MISS MAE NIEBLING. When she was a little girl, May was a brunette. Now she's an old maid.
- MRS. D. I. BLACK, a mural decoration at social functions. A very good-hearted lady.
- MISS KATE WARDEN, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, who has Mr. Biddle, of Philadelphia, jumping for the fly.
- MISS — BARNARD of Xenia, Ohio, reported engaged to Mr. Riley Peters.
- MISS — APPEGATE, of Veedersburg, Ind., reported engaged to Mr. Riley Peters.
- MISS — PICKETT, of Danville, Ill., reported engaged to Mr. Riley Peters.
- MISS — MEADOWS of Madison, Wis., reported engaged to Mr. Riley Peters.
- MISS — MATLOCK, of Fond du Lac, Wis., reported engaged to Mr. Riley Peters.
- MISS MINERVA MALTBY, of Decatur, Ill., reported engaged to Mr. Riley Peters.
- MISS NORMA COUSINS of Lafayette, Ind., reported engaged to Mr. Riley Peters.
- MISS ELSIE BURBANK of Morristown, N. J., not reported engaged to Mr. Riley Peters.
- THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER. You can find out all about him if you look through the book.

*THE FOURTH
OF JULY
LAWN FÊTE*



JUDGE HORATIO S. WARDEN
From a daguerreotype



Captain Fry was enthusiastic in his praises of the decorations on the lawn at Mrs. Riley Withersby's. "It takes me back to the Battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, when I see all these patriotic emblems," said he, proudly.



Attorney D. I. Black was called away during the reading of the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth. "I've heard it before and I don't reckon they 've revised it lately," said he.



"It's a masterly production," said Mine Host Mort Peters, referring to the Declaration of Independence read by Judge Warden at Mrs. Riley Withersby's Fourth of July Lawn Fête.

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FOURTH OF JULY LAWN FÊTE

A delightful affair was the Fourth of July lawn fête given last Saturday at the home of Mrs. Riley Withersby. A full quota of the Bird Center élite was present and all voted that the glorious natal day of our independence had never been so fittingly observed before. Judge Warden read the Declaration of Independence, which was listened to with keenest interest by all present and was thoroughly enjoyed. Miss Lucile Ramona Fry sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and was accompanied by Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry on the mandolin. The spacious grounds were tastefully decorated under the direction of Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well-known artist of the Bird Center tintype studios, and Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, herself an artist of no mean talent. In the evening the scene reminded all those present of a veritable fairyland. Elegant refreshments were served and were pre-

sided over by Miss Myrtle Peters and Mae Niebling. Among those present were Mrs. Riley Withersby, the Rev. Walpole and wife and eight rollicking children, Mr. Smiley W. Greene, the popular undertaker, and wife and children; Mr. Cyrus Hornbeck of the State bank, Judge Horatio S. Warden, Capt. Roscoe Fry and wife, "Mine Host" Mort Peters of the Bird Center house and wife, Attorney D. I. Black and wife and children, Dr. Crosby Niebling and wife, Messrs. Winthrop K. Bidle, who is here from Philadelphia, Pa., on business; Elmer Pratt, Homer Withersby, Orville Peters, Riley W. Peters, Wilbur Fry, Garfield Black, and "ye editor," J. Oscar Fisher; Misses Flossye Niebling, — Barnard of Xenia, O.; Lucile Ramona Fry, Kate Warden, who is home from Bryn Mawr for the summer; Mae Niebling, and Myrtle Peters.

— J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE RECEPTION TO MR. PUMPHREY



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

From a hasty sketch by Mrs. Lucile Ramona Fry-
Brown



Hon. Ephraim Pumphrey is one of those men who will be most heard in the House of Representatives. Mr. Chris C. Newbower says that when the Hon. Ephraim orates you can hear him a mile.



Congressman Pumphrey is very popular with the ladies. It is estimated that in the last campaign he kissed nearly two thousand babies and said that each had a great future ahead of it. "What a splendid head," he says, admiringly. And then he studies the baby's features intently for a moment and adds confidently, "And what a remarkable resemblance it bears to some of the pictures of Abraham Lincoln when he was a child." Mr. Pumphrey was elected by over 2,000 majority.

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Reception in Honor of the Hon. Ephraim Pumphrey, Congressman-Elect

Bird Center united in paying homage to a distinguished statesman last Thursday evening. Hon. Ephraim Pumphrey, the silver tongued orator of the Middle West, the man whose magic eloquence has held vast audiences spellbound, the man whose magnetism has electrified all who come in contact with him was the recipient of a magnificent reception at the K of P hall. He shook hands with all and had a pleasant word for each and every one. All of our leading citizens were present and applauded enthusiastically the timely remarks made by the well known statesman. In the course of his remarks, Congressman Pumphrey congratulated Bird Center on its civic patriotism and said that he saw a splendid future ahead for this thriving city. In the great applause that followed, Captain Fry sprang up and proposed three cheers for our next governor—Hon. Ephraim Pumphrey

and they were given with a right good will.

Among those present were Mrs. Riley Withersby, widow of the late Riley Withersby; Rev. Walpole and wife and children, Dr. Crosby Niebling and wife, Judge Horatio S. Warden, Mr. Smiley W. Greene, the popular undertaker, and wife and children; Captain Roscoe Fry and wife, Mine Host, "Mort" Peters, of the Bird Center House, and wife; Attorney D. I. Black and wife, Messrs. Winthrop K. Biddle, of Philadelphia, Elmer Pratt, Homer Withersby, Orville Peters, Riley W. Peters, Wilbur Fry, and "ye editor," J. Oscar Fisher; Misses Flossye Niebling, —Barnard, of Xenia, Ohio; Lucile Ramona Fry, Kate Warden, who is home for the Thanksgiving vacation; Mae Niebling, and Myrtle Peters. Chris C. Newbower was also among those present.

— J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE HORSE SHOW



CAPTAIN ROSCOE FRY
A gallant veteran of the Civil War
From a daguerreotype



Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist, and Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, herself an artist of no mean talent, did the decorations for the Horse Show. They were much admired.



Mr. Cyrus Hornbeck was a guest of Mrs. Riley Withersby at the Horse Show.



Messrs. Wilbur Fry and Orville Peters discoursed sweet strains at the Horse Show. You can always count on Messrs. Wilbur and Orville.



J. Oscar Fisher, of the Bird Center "Argosy," was indefatigable in getting names and costumes at the Horse Show.

THE HORSE SHOW

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The Bird Center Horse Show last Saturday was one of the most brilliant affairs of its kind ever given in Bird Center, if not in the entire country. Society was out en masse, and all agreed that it was a great success. An admission fee of 25 cents was charged, which barred the presence of those not strictly in the exclusive circles of local society. Perhaps the most notable exhibit was the spanking team of Mr. Smiley W. Greene, the popular undertaker, who himself handled the reins, assisted by Mrs. Greene, and two of the little Greenes. This exhibit was awarded first prize by the two judges, Dr. Niebling and "mine host" Mort Peters of the Bird Center house. There was some talk of favoritism in this award, as it is well known that the doctor and Mr. Greene have mutual business interests, but this criticism came only from disgruntled exhibitors who failed to land the coveted blue ribbon. The boxes were crowded with our best people, particularly that of the Rev. Walpole, who was present with Mrs. Walpole and his eight rollicking children. The grounds were tastefully decorated under the direction of Miss Lucile Ramona Fry and Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist of the Bird Center tintype studios. Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry discoursed sweet strains, adding greatly to the pleasure of the occasion.

ADDITIONAL NOTES ON THE HORSE SHOW

Miss Lucile Ramona Fry and J. Milton Brown, the well known artist, occupied a box at the horse show and received many encomiums on the skill and taste shown in the decorations.

Miss Kate Warden entertained a box party, among those present being Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mr. Elmer Pratt.

Miss ——— Barnard of Xenia, O., who has been visiting Miss Mae Peters, has decided to prolong her visit a week.

Mrs. Riley Withersby entertained Mr. Cyrus Hornbeck of the bank at a box party. Mrs. W. wore her new Paris hat, about which there has been so much pleasant gossip recently. It was the cynosure of all eyes.

Judge Horatio S. Warden and Attorney D. I. Black were prominently seen in the arena.

Capt. Roscoe Fry said the sight of so many beautiful steeds reminded him of the great cavalry charge at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa.

Homer Withersby, accompanied by Miss Myrtle Peters, drove his thoroughbred, Kaiser, to his new buckboard.

Garfield Black and Miss Flossye Niebling occupied a box.

Miss ——— Barnard of Xenia, O., was obliged to leave her box on account of the sun hurting her eyes. She was accompanied by Mr. Riley W. Peters.

Mr. Chris C. Newbower was also among those present. He was an hour and a half in passing a given point.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE CHURCH BAZAAR



MR. WINTHROP K. BIDDLE
Of Philadelphia, Pa.

From a group picture of the Princeton Glee Club



Judge Warden and Attorney D. I. Black regretted very much that important legal business prevented their attendance at the Church Bazaar. "It beats all how these business matters come up just when a fellow wants to go somewhere," said Mr. Black, affably. Judge Warden echoed those sentiments.



Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, was unable to be present at the Church Bazaar as he was obliged to attend a committee meeting at the K. of P. Hall. "I was represented, though," said Mr. Greene, gayly, "I sent my wife, my pocket-book, and two children to the bazaar and my wife and the two children got home safely."



Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well-known artist of the Bird Center Tintype Studios, was obliged to be absent from the Church Bazaar last Friday eve. J. Milton Brown has been entertaining a persistent specimen of Job's comforter for several days, and he did not feel like mixing with the festive throng.



Doctor Crosby Niebling was also unable to be present at the Church Bazaar, as he was detained by professional business. One of Mrs. Kidwell's children was under the weather somewhat and Doc had to get it out.



Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa., was unfortunately unable to be present at the Church Bazaar, but he sent a proxy with instructions to vote for Miss Warden as the most beautiful young lady.



Mr. Chris C. Newbower was also not present at the Church Bazaar last Friday eve. "I forgot all about it," said Mr. N., "and besides I was short of funds."

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THE CHURCH BAZAAR

One of the grandest times ever indulged in by the people of this vicinity was the Church Bazaar held last Friday evening. A goodly crowd attended and suffice to say, all united in voting the affair a pronounced success. Many and varied were the forms of amusement, and it is with pleasure that we learn that the function was a great financial success. Over sixty dollars were added to the coffers of the church, and will be applied to the church debt. Among those present was Rev Walpole who passed to and fro with words of kindness for all. Miss Kate

Warden was voted the most beautiful lady in Bird Center with Miss Mae Niebling and Miss Myrtle Peters for place and show, respectively. Miss W. received 128 votes at five cents a vote. The fortune-teller's booth was the most prominent center of attraction, where each and everyone was warned to beware of a dark man or a dark woman. Grab-bag, and other diversions were extremely popular, and when at last the gay throng departed for their homes, there was an unmistakable conviction that the affair had been a grand success.

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*THE GRAND
OPENING of the
NEW COUNTRY
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ATTORNEY D. I. BLACK
From a daguerreotype



If you are interested in golf you will be glad to read about the score made by Mr. Elmer Pratt at the Bird Center Country Club.



Read J. Oscar Fisher's great description of the opening of the Bird Center Country Club, in this week's "Argosy."



Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, and wife and children, were among those present at the opening of the Bird Center Country Club.



Banker Cyrus Hornbeck was prominent in the view taken by J. Milton Brown at the opening of the Bird Center Country Club.



The Rev. Mr. Walpole, accompanied by Mrs. Walpole and the eight rollicking little Walpoles, attended the opening of the Bird Center Country Club.

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THE GRAND OPENING OF THE NEW COUNTRY CLUB

The opening of the new Country club last Saturday was perhaps one of the most auspicious events that Bird Center society has ever witnessed. All of our local society leaders assembled early at the commodious clubhouse to do honor to the occasion and to witness the installation of the new six hole course that has been laid out in the meadow back of Mrs. Riley Withersby's barn. Mrs. Withersby had kindly tendered the use of her land for the golf course, and many were the thanks that were showered upon her for her public spiritedness. It was originally proposed that the compliment be paid her of naming the club the "Mrs. Riley Withersby Country Club," but she modestly suggested that it be called the Bird Center Country Club. Her only condition stipulated in donating the land was that no intoxicating beverages be sold and that Sunday playing be not indulged in. The club house was tastefully decorated by Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist of the Bird Center Tintype Studios, and Miss Lucile Ramona Fry. Potted palms, graceful festoons of drapery, and Japanese lanterns were used with telling effect, making the scene one of exquisite beauty. Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry enlivened the occasion with dulcet strains of "merry mandolins." On the whole, it was a gala day in local society, and one long to be remembered. Mr. J. Milton Brown took a view of the members and announces that he will present a copy to each one present. Mr. Brown is to be complimented on his public spirit and is a valued member of our community.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

Mrs. Withersby asked as a special concession to the older players, many of whom have never played golf, that bogey be made easy for them, so the house committee made 48 strokes bogey for the six holes.

Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa., made the course in 27, which is 21 under bogey.

The Rev. Walpole and wife and eight rollicking little Walpoles were present and were in the view taken by Mr. Brown. The Rev. Walpole kindly told Mr. B. that two copies of the picture would be sufficient for his family, but the gallant artist intends to send one to each and every member regardless.

Homer Withersby lost his hat and was absent when the view was taken.

Riley Peters had a good one on Dr. Niebling, who is somewhat near-sighted. He said that "Doc" would have to use a short club and tee his ball a foot and a half off the ground so that he could see it.

Mr. Chris C. Newbower was also present, but did not have his picture taken. Chris says that he isn't much of a society man.

Miss — Barnard of Xenia, Ohio, and Riley Peters occupied the hammock at the clubhouse when the picture was taken. We regret that Miss Barnard returns home early next week.

Miss — Applegate of Veedersburg, Indiana, is soon to visit the Frys.

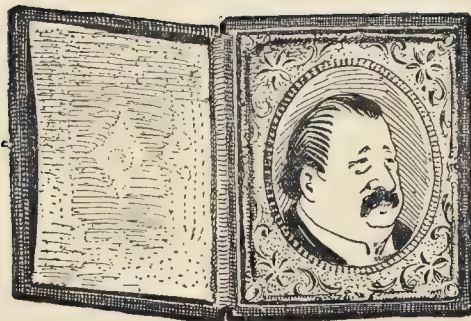
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*THE PICNIC IN
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MINE HOST MORT PETERS
Of the Bird Center House
From a daguerreotype



The Rev. Walpole attended the picnic at Bird Center last Saturday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Walpole and the eight rollicking little Walpoles. The picnic was given under the auspices of Capt. and Mrs. Fry.



Banker Hornbeck was very attentive to Mrs. Riley Withersby, widow of the late Hon. Riley Withersby, at the picnic given at Bird Center last Saturday. If you are interested in the matter you should read J. Oscar Fisher's great report in this week's "Argosy."



Miss Lucile Ramona Fry is engaged. If you are interested in matrimony, by all means see this week's "Argosy."



Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist of the Bird Center Tintype studios, attended the picnic held last Saturday. For certain reasons he attracted much attention, all of which will be explained in this week's "Argosy."

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THE PICNIC IN HORNBECK'S GROVE

A most delightful affair was the basket picnic last Saturday under the auspices of Capt. and Mrs. Roscoe Fry in Hornbeck's Grove. The function was given in honor of Miss Applegate of Veedersburg, Indiana, who is spending a few days with the Frys, and, in addition, the occasion was taken advantage of by Capt. Fry to announce the engagement of his talented daughter, Miss Lucile Ramona, to Mr. J. Milton Brown, our well known artist, thus killing two birds with one stone. The grove was beautiful in nature's own decorations, which, without disparagement of the magnificent decorating that has been done at previous affairs by Mr. Brown and Miss Fry, was most pleasing to the eye. A sumptuous repast was spread and the ground fairly groaned under the weight of the elegant viands. While the ladies prepared the collation, the jolly picnickers sat around in pleasant contemplation of the gastronomic joys in store for them, and for an hour preceding the feast the festal board was truly the cynosure of all eyes. Mrs. Riley Withersby brought the fried spring chicken, which was voted capital. Mrs. Mort Peters brought the veal loaf and olives; Mrs. Smiley Greene, wife of the popular undertaker, won many friends with her luscious Saratoga chips; Mrs. Rev. Walpole brought the deviled eggs, and Miss Kate Warden's brandied peaches were par excellent. But why enumerate all the delicious things and the lovely women who brought them? Suffice to say that there was potato salad, grape jelly, chocolate cake, angels' cake, sardines, sandwiches, watermelon preserves, and an endless string of etceteras. The afternoon was pleasantly whiled away in various outdoor sports — throwing horseshoes, etc., etc., and Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry discoursed sweet strains on their tuneful mandolins.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

Rev. Walpole and wife and eight rollicking little Walpoles were prominently seen at the picnic.

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Capt. Fry has traded his roan for Mort Peters' bay. The gallant captain says that the bay reminds him of the horse he rode in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa.

—o—

Mr. Elmer Pratt won many encomiums for carrying water from the spring, which was several hundred yards away. Miss Warden presented him with a nosegay, which was very much admired.

—o—

"Doc." Niebling said he would have to eat heartily, for he reckoned he would have a busy night ahead of him, judging from the way the young folks tackled the tempting viands.

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Mr. Riley Peters and Miss Applegate occupied a hammock during the afternoon. Miss Applegate says that Bird Center is the loveliest place she has ever visited.

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Miss Lucile Ramona Fry made a beautiful engraving of the scene. Miss Lucile has undoubted talent as a sketch artist and won many encomiums.

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When Capt. Fry announced the engagement of his daughter to Mr. Brown at the end of the feast, much pleasant interest was manifested by all those present. Congratulations were showered on the happy young couple, all of which were taken with becoming modesty. It is understood that the wedding will take place in August, soon after pension day.

— J. OSCAR FISHER.

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CAPTAIN FRY'S PARTY



REV. WALPOLE
"A man to all the country dear"
From a daguerreotype



Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, tried to cheer up Capt. Fry in his hour of trouble. If you are interested in undertakers and trouble, read the account in the Bird Center "Argosy."



Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist of Bird Center, and Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, the talented daughter of Capt. Roscoe Fry, may not be married after all. Miss Lucile Ramona believes that she should stick to her gallant father in his hour of trouble.



This little girl is a Bird Center girl, and she sympathized with Capt. Fry in his hour of trouble. But she did not know what the trouble was until she saw J. Oscar Fisher's great story in the "Argosy."

CAPTAIN FRY'S PARTY

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A full quota of our local society circles assembled last Thursday eve at the pleasant home of Capt. Fry on Little Round Top hill, where a most delightful time, replete with good cheer and conviviality, would have been had but for the recent financial misfortunes that have befallen our beloved fellow citizen. When the merry-makers gathered they were surprised, not to say astounded, to find the Captain laboring under some great sorrow. He at once became the cynosure of all eyes and many were the anxious inquiries as to the cause of his dejection. At length he explained the cause, the details of which are—viz.: It seems that Mr. Cyrus Hornbeck, Pres. of the Bird Center Bank, holds a mortgage on the Fry homestead and had threatened to foreclose unless some delinquent payments be immediately made. Mr. Hornbeck doubtless selected the present time for his demand because of the approaching happy nuptials of Miss Lucile Ramona Fry and Mr. J. Milton Brown, reasoning that the Capt. would make extreme efforts to pay the claim rather than undergo the humiliation of being evicted on the eve of the wedding. Capt. Fry was just on the point of recalling the invitations for his party when Mr. Hornbeck sent a note saying that the payment of the claim had been guaranteed by a person whose identity he was required to keep secret. It is assumed that the mysterious benefactor knew Capt. Fry's pride would not permit him to accept an unsecured loan and hence had taken this means of relieving the Captain's embarrassment. Capt. Fry cannot imagine who has befriended him and he fears that pity instead of old friendship has actuated the kindness. He declares that he would rather work on the streets than be an object of pity. The editor of the Argosy interviewed Mr. Hornbeck, who said: "Business is business, and a mortgage is no respecter of sentiment." It is well known that Mr. Hornbeck, who has matrimonial desires, wishes to obtain possession of the Fry homestead, partly on account of its location and partly on account of its historic association. During the Black Hawk war a notable skirmish occurred there and in the late fifties Abraham Lincoln once spent a night in the old house. Society is agog and on the qui vive

regarding the mysterious friend and further developments are awaited with interest.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NOTES

Miss — Applegate of Veedersburg, Ind., who has been visiting the Frys, left for home Friday morning. Mr. Riley Peters saw her off.

Capt. Fry says that he is half glad his trouble came, because it showed him how many good friends he has.

Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa., who has been in our midst some weeks looking for investments, has decided to remain several weeks longer.

"Doc" Niebling expressed his sympathy in his characteristic bluff way. He called Capt. Fry an old granny and told him to draw on him for any amount.

Mr. Smiley Greene, our popular undertaker, did grand work in cheering up Capt. Fry. Smiley regrets that the dull season prevents him extending more substantial assistance.

Many were the encomiums about Miss Fry's beautiful water colors that adorn the walls of the front room of her pleasant home.

It is possible that Miss Fry's marriage to Mr. J. Milton Brown may not take place. She feels that all her efforts should be devoted toward rendering financial help to her father in his hour of trouble. If she can obtain lucrative employment doing art work she hopes to render much assistance, whereas if she weds she can render none. Mr. Brown has offered her a splendid position in his type studio.

Miss Elsie Burbank of Morristown, N. J., is soon to be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Riley Withersby.

A little bird tells us that Mr. W— K— B— of P—, Pa., is in our midst for a tenderer purpose than a business investment. Here's our hand, W—!

— J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER



DR. NIEBLING
From a daguerreotype



The children of Bird Center are behaving unusually well since the mysterious stranger came to town.



All the Bird Center children are afraid the mysterious stranger may pop around a corner and get them. They are always on the qui vive for his appearance.

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THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

Perhaps never before have our social circles been rocked to their foundations more than they have been during the past week. A mysterious stranger has appeared on the streets of our bustling city and many are the speculations as to his identity. The whole town is agog over the mystery and little else has been the subject of conversation since his advent in our midst. He is a veritable enigma. No one knows who he is or whence he comes from. He simply appeared like a bolt from a clear sky. Some think that he is an emissary of the czar, here on some secret mission. Others contend that he is a detective and still others hint at some dark sinister mission. Sufficient to say however that thus far he has baffled all attempts to solve the mystery. The editor of the "Argosy" interviewed a number of prominent citizens regarding him.

Mrs. Riley Withersby — "I first saw him at Mr. Peters' lawn party last Wednesday. I was sitting talking to Rev. Walpole, Mr. Greene and Mrs. Greene, and J. Oscar Fisher of the Argosy. We were discussing the creation of a salon where our local artistic and literary lights might meet this winter. Suddenly this stranger appeared and leaned against the fence regarding us with intense interest. I have no theory as to his identity."

Capt. Fry — "I first saw him at Mr. Peters' lawn party. Mort Peters and I were discussing the mistake made by Lee at Gettysburg. I was arguing that Gen. Gordon should have had a free rein, when all of a sudden, Mort called my attention to the strange looking man standing by the fence. He looked to me like a Confederate spy."

Chris C. Newbower — "I first saw him last Wednesday at Mort Peters' party. I was sitting by a tree listening to Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry playing the mandolins, when I looked up and saw a queer looking man in

black. He stopped for a few moments, and then with a kind of a sneer, walked on. That's the last time I seen him."

J. Milton Brown — "I first saw him at Peters' lawn function. Miss Fry and I were discussing art, when my attention was called to the stranger. He certainly was a queer looking specimen."

Riley Peters — "I first saw him at father's lawn fete last Wednesday. He looked like a nihilist to me."

Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle, of Philadelphia. Pa. — "I did n't see the stranger. I was talking to Miss Burbank, whose brother made a trip up the Nile with me, and we were so interested that I didn't know the man had been there until he was gone."

Mr. Elmer Pratt — "I first saw the stranger at Mort Peters' lawn party. My, but he scared me at first. He must be a detective. I tried to call Kate Warden's attention to him but I don't think she saw him until it was too late."

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ADDITIONAL NOTES

Quite a number of Bird Centerites enjoyed the dulcet strains of the mandolins at "Mine Host" Mort Peters' lawn fete last Wednesday.

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The wedding of Miss Lucile Ramona Fry and Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist, has been set for a date sometime this month. It may be remembered that Miss Fry decided last week that she should n't marry while her father needed her help in his financial troubles, so her new decision comes as a happy surprise.

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The identity of the unknown friend who guaranteed the payment of Capt. Fry's mortgage last week has not as yet been divulged. More anon.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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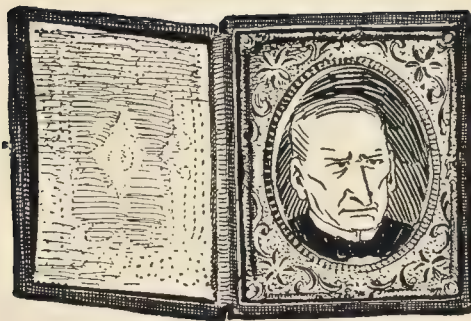
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*THE MARRIAGE
OF MISS FRY
AND MR. BROWN*



CYRUS HORNBECK
Of the bank. He looks like his picture
From a daguerreotype

Ring out the wedding bells! Mr. J. Milton Brown and Miss Lucile Ramona Fry were married last Tuesday and are spending their honeymoon at Niagara Falls. They were wedded sooner than expected in order that they might take advantage of the excursion rates to the Falls.



Trunk and telescope of Mr. and Mrs. J. Milton Brown (née Miss Lucile Ramona Fry) as they appeared at station. It is suspected that Mr. Wilbur Fry, the groom's best man, did the decorating.



There was so much rice thrown after Mr. J. Milton Brown and Mrs. J. Milton Brown (née Lucile Ramona Fry) that a small boy was sent out to gather it up. No one knows who sent him, but it is suspected that Mr. Cyrus Hornbeck of the bank is the frugal party.



Clock presented to Mr. and Mrs. J. Milton Brown (née Miss Lucile Ramona Fry) by Mr. Elmer Pratt. A pretty bit of sentiment is exhibited here, for Mr. Pratt placed the hour hand at 1, indicating that the happy recipients were now one. They were much touched by it, and Mr. Pratt deserves many encomiums for his cleverness.



Mr. and Mrs. J. Milton Brown (née Lucile Ramona Fry) en route to Niagara Falls. Mr. Riley Peters got off a good joke on them. He put a number of new tin kitchen utensils in their car, with the names of the happy couple. All the passengers saw the joke, but up to the hour of leaving Mr. and Mrs. Brown had not noticed it.



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THE MARRIAGE OF MR. J. MILTON BROWN TO MISS LUCILE RAMONA FRY

At the pleasant home of Capt. Roscoe Fry in this city last Tuesday eve occurred the happy nuptials of Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist, to Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, one of Bird Center's fairest daughters. The event was one of the most beautiful of the summer, everything combining to make the nuptial scene one long to be remembered. The parlors in which the ceremony was performed were artistically decorated with asparagus fern, intermingled with sweet peas, etc. Promptly at 8 P. M. as the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played by the Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry on the mandolins, filled the house, the bridal party entered the rooms, prepared for the occasion. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Riley Peters and Miss Flossye Niebling acted as bridesmaid. The groom and best man looked their finest in the conventional attire for such occasions. The bride was very charming in a bridal gown of white silk mulls, overdress shirred, trimmed with medallions and silk bows. She carried a bouquet of white bride roses in her hand. The bridesmaid carried pink roses and wore a dress of pink mulls trimmed with cheney lace and ribbon. They advanced to a position 'neath a canopy of fern, where they stood while Rev. Walpole, dressed in conventional black, conducted the beautiful and impressive ceremony which united for life the destinies of two young people loved and respected by all who know them. Following the congratulations an elegant repast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Brown (nee Miss Lucile Ramona Fry) departed for their honeymoon trip. They were accompanied to the depot by a merry crowd, and as they boarded the train were showered with rice and old shoes, much to the delight of many onlookers. That their married life may be long and happy is the sincere wish of a host of friends.

ADDITIONAL NOTES ANENT THE NUPTIALS

Mr. Riley Peters was the first to kiss the bride.

It was somewhat of a surprise that the wedding occurred so soon, but it was Mr. Brown's wish to take advantage of the excursion rates to Niagara Falls that the happy event was set earlier than anticipated.

Mrs. Roscoe Fry was visibly moved by the ceremony, but Miss Flossye Niebling consoled her with the argument that it had to come sooner or later. Such is life.

Mr. Homer Withersby looked spick and span in his new Tuxedo.

They could hardly hold Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, when they began to kiss the bride.

Dr. Niebling, in congratulating the groom, paid many encomiums to the sterling worth of the bride, and was thanked with becoming modesty.

After the ceremony Mr. J. Milton Brown took a flash light of the decorations. Capt. Fry was describing Pickett's charge at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., to Rev. Walpole, and the sudden explosion startled him so much that it was some time before he gained his composure.

The mysterious stranger who has been darkening our streets for a week was observed hanging about the premises. Ye editor saw him, but said nothing, as he could not verify it. This far there is no clew to his identity.

Many were the beautiful presents received by the happy couple. They were displayed in the parlor and attracted much favorable comment.

— J. OSCAR FISHER.

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*THE GALA DAY
at the COUNTRY
FAIR*



MRS. ROSCOE FRY
From a daguerreotype



Last week was the County Fair at Bird Center, and all the best circles were among those present. Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, entered into the spirit of the occasion with much zest. Smiley is a great favorite with the children, and even the old people can't help liking him. Read about the Fair in this week's "Argosy."



Riley Peters got off a good joke on the children out at the Bird Center Fair last Thursday. He painted one of the prize pumpkins so that all the little boys and girls were quite startled. Riley is a great practical joker.



Mr. Cyrus Hornbeck entered his trotting mare Gypsy Queen for the Mrs. Riley Withersby sweepstakes, but was beaten by an unknown horse, entered under the name of Capt. Fry. There is considerable speculation as to who owns the strange entry. Mr. Hornbeck is much vexed about the matter, and vows to be revenged.



Here is something that will interest all the ladies. It is a prize quilt that was exhibited by Mrs. Wes Kidwell at the Bird Center County Fair. There are 6,245 pieces in the quilt and twelve years were consumed in making it. If you are interested in prize quilts see the account in the "Argosy."



Riley Peters played a good joke on Elmer Pratt at the Bird Center County Fair last Thursday. Elmer had a new pair of shoes, and they hurt him so much that he went behind the floral hall to rest the shoes. Riley took Kate Warden around, and Elmer was hopping mad. He says Riley Peters has about as much idea of a joke as a shoat.

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THE GALA DAY AT THE COUNTY FAIR

Last Thursday was the gala day at the County Fair. All the Bird Center smart set determined to make the occasion a social success, and therefore attended en masse. And truly they succeeded, for it was widely advertised that our social leaders would be present, and this attracted large crowds eager to be among those present at a function graced by our society people. Over 3,000 admissions were recorded, and Old Sol smiled through the entire afternoon. In the evening the crowd was augmented by many people from the city, who sought surcease from toil in the dizzy diversions of the social vortex.

ADDITIONAL NOTES ON THE EXPOSITION

Rev. Walpole and four of the rollicking little Walpoles were among those present. Mrs. Walpole was not present.

Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist of the Bird Center Tintype Studios, was present with his bride, Mrs. J. Milton Brown, née Lucile Ramona Fry, formerly daughter of Capt. Roscoe Fry.

Mr. Smiley Greene, our popular undertaker, was a persistent patron of the merry go round. He invited ten children to join him in a canter and finished first, with a time allowance of eight seconds.

Mrs. Riley Withersby and her niece, Miss Elsie Burbank of Morristown, N. J., occupied prominent seats in the amphitheater. They were accompanied by Mr. Winthrop K. Bidle of Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. Roscoe Fry was the grand marshal.

In the Mrs. Riley Withersby sweepstakes there were four entries. Cyrus Hornbeck, our local banker, entered his mare, Gypsy Queen, and thought he had a sure thing, but an unknown horse, entered under the name of Capt. Roscoe Fry, captured the coveted trophy. There is considerable speculation about the matter, for Capt. Fry says that the horse does not belong to him, and that he does not know the owner. It is as much of a mystery to him as the identity of the person who paid the mortgage which Mr. Hornbeck threatened to foreclose. An early solution is hoped for.

The mysterious stranger was observed lurking behind the floral hall, and attracted much attention. It is now rumored that he is a foreign nobleman seeking an American bride, and in consequence all our buds are on the qui vive about him.

A baby show is on the tapis in Bird Center society, and may occur some time in September.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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*MRS. RILEY
WITHERSBY'S
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FUNCTION*



MRS. D. I. BLACK
From a daguerreotype



Mrs. Riley Withersby had real colored waiters down from Chicago at her party last Thursday evening. It was the most recherche function ever held in Bird Center, and you should see a picture of it in this week's "Argosy."



Mr. and Mrs. J. Milton Brown (née Miss Lucile Ramona Fry) greatly enjoyed the oil painting of Mrs. Riley Withersby. It was painted last year by a celebrated New York artist, who makes a specialty of society women, and is a splendid likeness. Mrs. Withersby considers it the best picture she has ever had painted.



Capt. Roscoe Fry greatly admired a painting of the battle of Gettysburg, Pa. The Capt. says he was shot so many times at that fight that he got used to it.



Miss Kate Warden was obliged to leave Mrs. Riley Withersby's party early on account of a severe headache. Even Elmer Pratt could not induce her to remain.



Rev. Walpole and four of the rollicking little Walpoles were present at Mrs. Withersby's party last Thursday in Bird Center. They were much impressed by the grandeur of Mrs. W.'s residence.

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MRS. RILEY WITHERSBY'S GRAND SOCIAL FUNCTION

Perhaps never before in the history of Bird Center has there been such a grand social function as that given last Thursday eve at the palatial residence of Mrs. Riley Withersby. All of the city's best circles were among those present and that a par excellent time was had was the universal opinion. An orchestra from Chicago rendered exquisite strains and a caterer from the same metropolis dispensed the elegant viands. The big drawing room was a scene of almost Eutopian splendor and many were the encomiums paid the charming hostess for her magnificent hospitality, which was truly on a most oriental scale of luxury. Just before refreshments were served Mrs. Withersby explained that the purpose of the gathering was to form a local culture club, similar to the famous salons of Paris, where culture could meet in wholesome communion and the feast of reason mingle with the flow of soul. The suggestion met with unanimous approval, so that throughout the coming winter all the wit and genius of our progressive city will doubtless scintillate with dazzling effulgence.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

Mr. Chris C. Newbower was also present. Chris thought Mrs. W. was going to start a saloon and was one of the early arrivals. He spent the evening looking at the views.

Real colored waiters from Chicago served the collation.

Mine Host "Mort" Peters of the Bird Center House was not present.

It is rumored that Mrs. Withersby will soon give another function. Mr. Peters will serve and Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry will furnish the music.

The mysterious stranger, who has been recently mystifying Bird Center, came up on the porch and solemnly surveyed the gay assemblage through a window and then disappeared.

Rev. Walpole and four of the rollicking little Walpoles were prominently seen among those present. Mrs. Walpole was not present.

Mrs. Lucile Ramona Fry-Brown, née Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, wife of our well known artist, Mr. J. Milton Brown of the Bird Center Tintype Studios, rendered "Robin Adair" on the piano. She received many encomiums.

Ye editor's dog "Spot" was frightened out of two years' growth by the polar bear rug that adorns Mrs. Withersby's drawing room.

Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa., was attentive to Miss Elsie Burbank of Morristown, N. J., who is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Withersby.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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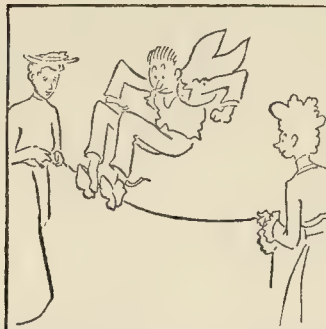
*THE LABOR DAY
FIELD SPORTS*



MRS. MORT PETERS
From a daguerreotype



At the great field day sports last Saturday in Bird Center Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, won the prize for "hop, step, and jump." The prize was a fine buggy whip, worth \$1. Mr. Greene's children were much frightened when they saw their papa hopping about. They could not understand such strange maneuvers. They thought he had gone crazy.



Mr. Elmer Pratt won the running high jump and received a fine box of fragrant Havanas. His jump has never been equaled in Bird Center but once before.



Ye editor, J. Oscar Fisher of the Bird Center "Argosy," gallantly rescued the Rev. Walpole's silk hat at the Labor day field sports at Bird Center last Saturday. It was just at the finish of the seventy-five yard dash for ladies, and Miss Flossie Niebling was bearing down under full sail when one of the rollicking little Walpoles ambled out in the danger zone. Mr. Fisher received many encomiums for his presence of mind.



Right in the midst of the Labor day field sports last Saturday the mysterious stranger who has been lurking around Bird Center rode up and solemnly gazed at the festivities for a few moments. He then galloped away and was not seen again. As yet there is no solution of the mystery, although it has been discovered that the horse answers to the name of "Frank." A slip of paper was found two miles south of town last Wednesday bearing the name "Hamilton Bullwinkle," but whether it is the mysterious stranger's name we are not prepared to state.

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THE LABOR DAY FIELD SPORTS

Like the Olympian games of old were the Labor day field sports at the Bird Center Country club last Saturday afternoon, and the occasion was made memorable by the presence of all our best circles, with one exception, Mrs. Rev. Walpole being among those absent. It was originally intended that the Labor day celebration be held on Labor day, but Capt. Roscoe Fry suggested that they be held on Saturday, thus making it possible for a full report of the proceedings to appear in this week's "Argosy." Another consideration was the fact that Mr. Cyrus Hornbeck of the bank announced that his employees could not have Monday off, and in order that they might attend the exercises the sports were held Saturday afternoon. A large and brilliant concourse was present, and the local society leaders vied with each other in joust and tourney, so that all in all the event was one long to be remembered.

The order of the day was as follows: Procession, 9 a.m., headed by the Bird Center cornet band. 2:30—Field sports at the Country club. The following prizes were offered: Running broad jump, hat, \$1.50; standing broad jump, knife, \$1.25; hop, step, and jump, buggy whip; running high jump, box Havanas, \$1.50; standing high jump, shaving ticket; three legged race, two boxes cigars; 75 yard dash for ladies, first prize, \$1.50 merchandise at drug store; second prize, beautiful jardineer; 100 yard dash, for all sexes, first prize, \$3. hat; second prize, fly net; egg race for girls under 13, 5-lb. beef steak donated by butcher; sack race, umbrella; fat man's race, no entries; long ball throw,

first prize, large ham; second prize, jack knife.

The various competitions passed off with great eclat, all agreeing that a splendid time was participated in. After these exercises there was a band concert, with dancing in the eve. Prizes of an easel and a smoking set were given to the two best dancers.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

The question that now is agitating Bird Center is—"Is 'Hamilton Bullwinkle' the name of the mysterious stranger?"

Miss Elsie Burbank of Morristown, N. J., has decided to stay for some time longer as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Riley Withersby.

Miss Kate Warden is on the sick list.

Mrs. Riley Withersby contributed \$50 toward the expenses of the field day sports.

Messrs. Wilbur Fry and Orville Peters, our mandolin club, collaborated in a three legged race. A box of 25 cigars was divided equally between them.

As we go to press we are informed that an interesting rumor is abroad regarding a happy event in the Rev. Walpole's family, but there is insufficient time to verify it. Further particulars will appear in our next issue.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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*THE ARRIVAL OF
THE NINTH
LITTLE WALPOLE*



MRS. REV. WALPOLE
Mother of the nine rollicking Walpoles
From a daguerreotype



"I am young Mr. Walpole."



"Why, it's the dearest, loveliest little angel I've ever seen," said Mrs. Riley Withersby. "Its features are its mother's, but there is something about it that resembles its papa."



"It's the living image of its papa," said J. Milton Brown.



"I can't say that it looks like anybody," said Mr. Chris C. Newbower; "all kids look alike to me at that age."



"Really, all joking aside, do you think it looks like me?" said the Rev. Walpole.



"Why, I'd know that young'un was a Walpole as far as a minie ball would carry," said Capt. Roscoe Fry.



"Ah, Dr. Walpole, you ought to be a mighty proud man to have as fine a baby as that one is," said Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker.



"Why, it's the perfect image of its mamma," said Mrs. Lucile Ramona Fry-Brown, née Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, wife of Mr. J. Milton Brown of the Bird Center tintype studios. "And what artistic hands, too! Why, it's just the cunningest little dear in the world!"

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE NINTH ROL- LICKING LITTLE WALPOLE

On last Monday morning occurred the birth of a young son to Rev. and Mrs. Walpole, and as a mark of the love which Bird Center has for this worthy couple a number of our best circles visited the parsonage last Saturday afternoon to pay their respects. Mrs. Riley Withersby was the first to suggest the idea of a public view of the new arrival, and the news fled like wildfire, so that the visit grew to the proportions of a sizable function. Many of those present closed their stores, which was a great compliment, considering that Saturday afternoon is a very busy time in the Bird Center commercial world. Nearly everybody brought along some tribute in the way of flowers or presents. Mrs. Withersby's beautiful gold cup attracted much attention. It was marked: "From Mrs. Riley Withersby to — Walpole. Love the Giver." A blank space was left for the name to be filled in when a name is selected. Many magnificent bouquets were presented and Mr. Elmer Pratt brought a fine large basket of fruit. At the house, Mr. Smiley Greene formed a line, so that those present could pass along and take a look, thereby avoiding confusion. Many were the encomiums that were paid the bouncing youngster, and the universal verdict was that it was the finest baby in the land. Rev. Walpole was much touched by the many expressions of affection, and in a voice full of emotion he made a short speech of thanks. "My dear friends," he said, "I never realized before how very dear my good friends of Bird Center are, and I assure you that Mrs. Walpole and I are deeply grateful. And now I am going to ask you to help me in a little matter. I want you my dear friends, to name the little fellow. I want each and every one to suggest a name, and I am sure that we shall manage to get a good one. Let me suggest that you

think over the matter for a few days, and then we will meet and make the final selection. My dear friends, I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

ADDITIONAL NOTES

In last week's paper we neglected to give the names of the merchants donating the prizes for the Labor Day Field Sports. We now hasten to do so. Mr. Daniel Lucas, proprietor of the Twentieth Century Hat Emporium, donated two hats and an umbrella; Amos Wilkins, a smoking set and three boxes of cigars; Druggist Finney presented two knives, an easel, a beautiful jardineer, and \$1.50 in merchandise at drugstore; William Glickman donated a choice ham and a five lb. beef steak; Harry Marshall, of the Bird Center Tonsorial parlors presented a shaving ticket; and Mr. Harve Quackenbush presented a fly-net and a fine buggy whip.

Mr. Chris C. Newbower was also among those present at the Walpole reception. Chris brought along a bunch of goldenrod, but was ashamed to go in. "I'm a kind of a black sheep," says he, "and I don't want to be butting in society." Rev. Walpole said that black sheep were the people he was looking for, and he told Chris to come in at all times and make himself perfectly at home. Rev. Walpole is the right kind.

Mr. Riley Peters took a day off and Thursday in Chicago last Thursday. Riley says that all work and no play makes Jack a busy boy.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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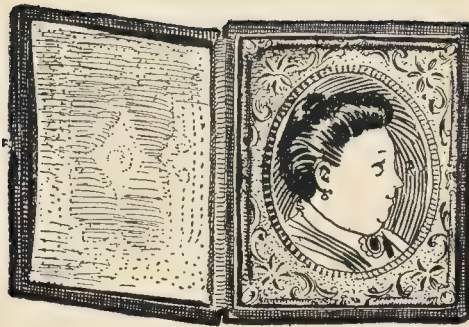
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TO THE EDIT



*NAMING THE
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MRS. DR. NIEBLING
From a daguerreotype



Capt. Fry suggested several appropriate names for the ninth rollicking Walpole. If you are interested in babies and baby naming you should read all about it in this week's "Argosy."



Acting upon the suggestion that the friends and neighbors of the Rev. Walpole meet to suggest a name for the ninth rollicking little Walpole, Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, invited the Bird Center social world to gather at his home to select a name. Mr. Greene acted as chairman.



Mrs. Lucile Ramona Fry-Brown, wife of J. Milton Brown, rendered a difficult selection on Mr. Smiley Greene's cottage organ. Mr. Brown turned the music and won many encomiums for his easiness of manner.



Ye editor, J. Oscar Fisher of the Bird Center "Argosy," was appointed recording secretary and jotted down the various names suggested for the ninth rollicking little Walpole. Some of the names suggested were quite entertaining.



Mr. Chris C. Newbower was also present at Mr. Smiley Greene's baby naming party, but took no active part. Chris says he is a bachelor and has had no experience in naming children. Mr. N. greatly admired a fine crayon picture of Mr. Greene.



Elegant refreshments were served at the baby naming party given by Mr. Smiley Greene. No expense was spared. Olives and almonds remained on the table through the entire supper.

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SUGGESTING A NAME FOR THE NINTH ROLICKING LITTLE WALPOLE

On last Thursday eve there gathered at the hospitable residence of Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, a gay galaxy of our best social leaders. The purpose of the conclave was to suggest and, if convenient, select a suitable and appropriate cognomen for the ninth little Walpole that arrived a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Greene and his charming wife welcomed the guests one by one, and after the customary preliminaries, such as extending greetings, etc., all were led into the parlor, where chairs sufficient for all were arranged in rows. Mr. Greene, by common consent, acted as chairman, and ye editor, J. Oscar Fisher, was selected as recording secretary. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. G., "you are all aware, of course, of the purpose of this meeting. Rev. Walpole has been good enough to express a desire that his good friends of Bird Center select a name for his youngest child, and I hope you have all come with some splendid suggestions." Mr. Elmer Pratt at once arose and said he thought "Birdie" would be appropriate, as it would always be a graceful tribute to the name of our beautiful little city. "The suggestion is an excellent one," said Mr. Greene, "but this is a boy, not a girl, and I'm afraid we cannot consider it." Everybody had a good laugh on Elmer and he was much mortified at his mistake. Mrs. Lucile Ramona Fry-Brown, née Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, then arose and submitted the following suggestions: Irving Longfellow Walpole, Tennyson Keats Walpole, and Emerson Walpole. Mrs. Riley Withersby warmly complimented the last suggestion, but said she

thought the first two were unwieldy and not euphonious. Capt. Fry suggested Meade Walpole, McClellan Walpole, and Sheridan Walpole. Dr. Niebling suggested Lorenz Walpole, in honor of a distinguished surgeon. Ye editor suggested Greeley Walpole, Dana Walpole, and Gordon B. Walpole. Among other names suggested were Matthew, John, David, Luke, Sylvester, Claude, Clarence, William, Ezra, Amos, Livingston, Stuyvesant, Montgomery, Marmaduke, Winston, and many others. A number of ballots were taken and the number finally narrowed down to Emerson, Sheridan, Wesley, Winston, Stuyvesant, and Roosevelt. A deadlock then occurred and at a late hour no decision could be arrived at. It was then suggested that ye editor invite suggestions from the readers of the "Argosy," and he now asks his readers to submit suggestions. Elegant refreshments were served and a most enjoyable time was participated in.

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ADDITIONAL NOTES

Miss — Matlock of Fond du Lac, Wis., arrives next week on a visit to Miss Flossye Niebling.

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Mr. Riley Peters has ordered a fine new suit of clothes.

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Intense excitement exists in Bird Center as a result of the invitation extended for suggestions to the baby naming competition.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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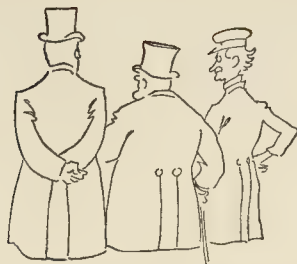
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THE RETURN of
the TRAVELLERS



J. OSCAR FISHER
Editor of the Bird Center "Argosy"
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown



Large Crowd Gathers.

Bird Center, Oct. 3.—[Special.]—A large crowd gathered at the depot to witness the arrival home of the Bird Centerites who have been absent from our midst for a few days attending the centennial celebration in Chicago. A right royal welcome was extended the travelers.

J. OSCAR FISHER,
Special Correspondent.



What Mrs. Riley Withersby Said.

Bird Center, Oct. 3.—[Special.]—The first question asked by Mrs. Riley Withersby on her arrival from a few days in Chicago was: "Have you selected a name for the ninth rollicking little Walpole?" When informed that the name Timothy Withersby Walpole had been selected she was much touched, and at once announced that a nice present would be sent to the bouncing boy.

J. OSCAR FISHER,
Special Correspondent.



The Wanderers Have Returned.

Bird Center, Oct. 3.—[Special.]—Mrs. Riley Withersby, Mr. J. Milton Brown, Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, and Mr. Riley Peters have returned from a visit to the centennial jubilee in Chicago. All are well and report having a grand time.

J. OSCAR FISHER,
Special Correspondent.

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RETURN OF THE TRAVELLERS

Last Saturday afternoon was made memo-
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Riley Withersby, Mr. J. Milton Brown, the
well known artist of the Bird Center Tintype
Studios, Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular un-
dertaker, and Mr. Riley Peters. Quite a
concourse was assembled at the depot when
the train bearing our esteemed townsmen
drew in and a right royal welcome was ex-
tended the home-comers. Although the trav-
ellers had been absent only a few days
attending the Chicago Centennial Jubilee, yet
Bird Center society was as rejoiced to see
them as if they had gone as far away as New
York or the far East. "How's Chicago?"
was the universal question that greeted them,
but Mrs. Withersby was too anxious to know
what name had been selected for the ninth
little rollicking Walpole to discuss centen-
nials. "We selected the name 'Timothy
Withersby Walpole,'" announced Rev. Wal-

pole, proudly. "Timothy after my old col-
lege president and Withersby after a lady
whom all Bird Center delights to honor and
love. The names are long, but as that is
perhaps all I shall ever be able to give the
young man I thought I might as well be
generous with them." Mrs. Withersby was
delighted, and later in the day deposited a
check for \$1,000 in the bank for Mr. T. W.
Walpole. All the travellers are well and
report having an enjoyable time. "We had
an elegant time," said Riley Peters, "but we
are glad to be back home again."

ADDITIONAL NOTE

Our local society people are talking of hav-
ing a baby show in the near future.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE BABY SHOW



J. MILTON BROWN
The well-known artist of the Bird Center Tintype
Studios



Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, was a proud exhibitor at the Bird Center Baby Show. The "Greene entry" consisted of two small Greenes and won many encomiums.



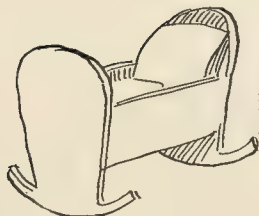
Mrs. Lucile Ramona Fry-Brown, Mr. Riley Peters, and ye editor, J. Oscar Fisher, were to be the judges at the Bird Center Baby Show, but ye editor asked to be excused. He said the circulation of his paper might be affected if he didn't give a prize to every baby present.



The greatness of a nation depends upon the hand that rocks the cradle. Pay a tribute to that hand by reading about the Bird Center Baby Show in this week's "Argosy."



If you love children or have friends that love children, read J. Oscar Fisher's lucid account of the Bird Center Baby Show in this week's "Argosy."



Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist of the Bird Center Tintype Studios, is laid up with nervous prostration. He tried to take a group picture of the babies at the Baby Show.

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THE BABY SHOW

Local society was agog last week over the Baby Show that was held in the Knights of Pythias Hall, and all those who attended voted the innovation a grand success. There were over twenty-five entries in all classes and it is needless to say that every baby present was the finest of its kind that ever lived. The judges were Mrs. Lucile Ramona Fry-Brown, Mr. Riley Peters, and Miss Mae Niebling, but when the time for judging came Mr. Peters was not to be found. The judges had some difficulty in determining the age limit of a baby, some contending that all children under four years were babies, while one of the judges wished the age limit raised to six years, so that the eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Smiley Greene might be entered in the competition. A compromise fixed the age limit at five. The exhibits were judged for beauty, disposition, amiability, approachableness, and glow of health, beauty counting 40 points, and each of the other qualities 15 points. The contest for first prize finally narrowed down to three babies, the ninth rollicking Walpole, little Cecelia Greene, and little Homer Kidwell, youngest son of Wes Kidwell, the station agent. The last named wore a soldier's cap and was warmly advocated by Captain Roscoe Fry, father of one of the judges. "That young-un has the makings of a soldier," declared the doughty

captain, "and he ought to get first prize." It was finally decided to give first prize to little Timothy Withersby Walpole, second prize to Cecelia Greene as a compliment to the fair sex, and the third prize to Homer Kidwell. Brevets and certificates of honorable mention were given to all the other competitors.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

Mrs. Riley Withersby was interviewed on the result of the award and declared that if she had her way every blessed baby in the show would have received first prize. By actual count Mrs. W. said "Is n't it the cutest little dear that ever lived" exactly twenty-seven times.

Mr. Chris C. Newbower said he didn't suppose there were so many babies in the world. Chris says they all looked alike to him.

The mysterious stranger looked in for a moment or two and then abruptly disappeared.

Mr. Riley Peters entertained Miss Pickett of Danville, Ill., who is a guest of the Greenes.

— J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE HARVEST HOME PARTY



MRS. J. MILTON BROWN
Née Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, formerly
daughter of Capt. Fry
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown



Mr. Riley Peters was a regular cutup at the Harvest Home Party held last week in Bird Center. He played so many jokes that folks considered him perfectly killing.



Mr. Elmer Pratt had a splendid makeup at the Harvest Home Party held last week in Bird Center. He won many encomiums.



Attorney D. I. Black was among those present also. He voted the cider par excellent.



Mr. and Mrs. J. Milton Brown were also present at the Harvest Home Party Held in Bird Center last week. They did the decorations in the barn.



Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, was the life of the party at the Harvest Home Party held in Bird Center last week.



A Harvest Home Party was held last week in Mrs. Riley Withersby's barn. All those present wore country costumes. This is a picture of Mrs. Withersby's costume.

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THE HARVEST HOME PARTY IN MRS. RILEY WITHERSBY'S BARN

Right royally did Mrs. Riley Withersby entertain the social elect of Bird Center last Thursday eve. It was the occasion of a Harvest Home festival held in the large and commodious barn belonging to the charming hostess, and everybody attended costumed de rigueur in country style. The barn was appropriately decorated in seasonable fashion, large yellow pumpkins blending in harmonious sympathy with shocks of corn and sprigs of ruddy sumach. Japanese lanterns and strings of golden ears of corn were festooned gracefully hither and thither, while interspersed here and there were great bunches of particolored autumn leaves, the whole making a scene long to be remembered. A barrel of sweet cider helped to enliven the festivities and attracted much favorable comment. Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist, and his talented wife, Mrs. Lucile Ramona Fry-Brown, did the decorating and were warmly complimented upon the results of their tasteful genius. Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry discoursed sweet strains on fiddle and banjo, and it was not until the wee small hours that the rollicking merry-makers adjourned to the arms of Morpheus.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

Rev. Walpole was among those present and courteously joined in the Virginia reel, winning many friends for the liberality of his broadmindedness.

Congressman Ephraim Pumphrey, who is in Bird Center on legal business, also attended, and he announced that he expected to have Congressman Landis of Indiana as his guest, but Mr. Landis telegraphed at the last moment saying he could not be among those present.

Many and varied were the old fashioned tunes played by the talented orchestra.

"We're just as good as town folks be, And a good deal better if the truth were known,"

was a popular refrain. When the Virginia reel was danced the guests all united in singing—

"With a hand in the hopper and another in the sack,
Ladies step forward and gents fall back."

Another jolly old timer that came in for attention was—

"Possum up a gum stump, coon him in the holler,
Johnny in the grapevine, fat as he can waller."

Mr. Riley Peters entertained the crowd with many a quip and joke and was voted by Miss

Pickett of Danville to have been the life of the party.

May there be many Harvest Home parties is the wish of all Bird Center society.

— J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE FOOT BALL GAME



MESSRS. ELMER AND ERNEST PRATT
From a group picture by Mr. J. Milton Brown



The Bird Center football team: Elmer Pratt, captain and quarter back; Mr. Mort Peters, center; J. Milton Brown, left guard; Chris C. Newbower, right guard; Smiley Greene, left tackle; Orville Peters, right tackle; Wilbur Fry, left end; Riley Peters, right end; Winthrop K. Biddle and J. Oscar Fisher, half backs; Homer Withersby, full back. Average weight of team, 142 pounds.



Smiley Greene's 105 yard dash, with splendid interference by J. Milton Brown.



Capt. Fry says he seldom forgets a face once he has seen it, and he is sure that he has seen the mysterious stranger somewhere years ago. If the Captain can recall the circumstance it will do much toward clearing up the baffling mystery of the stranger's identity.



The Rev. Walpole and several of the rollicking little Walpoles were present and rooted for the home team.



Capt. Roscoe Fry was the umpire and referee. He said Smiley Greene's 105 yard dash reminded him of an infantry charge at Gettysburg, Pa.

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The Bird Center Business Men Play a Business Men's Team from Americus, Ill.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." Truly was this proverb exemplified last Saturday afternoon when a goodly crowd assembled on the qui vive to see prominent business men of Bird Center meet and vanquish a business men's team from the neighboring town of Americus. Undertaker, editor, hotel keeper, etc., united for the nonce and threw aside their conventional dignity in a rollicking game of football. It may aptly be said that it was a great game, replete with brilliant plays and provocative of great enthusiasm, and that all who witnessed the contest went away well rewarded for their trouble in attending. Capt. Fry acted as umpire and referee, and what he said was final. The score was 76 to 42 in favor of the home team and there were no serious accidents. Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist, was temporarily hors de combat, but soon was convalescent and continued through the game. The line-up:

| BIRD CENTER BUSINESS MEN | | WEIGHT |
|--------------------------|--|--------|
| Centre . . . | "Mine Host" Mort Peters . . . | 210 |
| Right guard . . | J. Milton Brown . . . | 126 |
| Left guard . . | Chris C. Newbower . . . | 174 |
| Right tackle . . | Orville Peters . . . | 131 |
| Left tackle . . | Wilbur Fry . . . | 152 |
| Right end . . | Smiley Greene . . . | 110 |
| Left end . . | J. Oscar Fisher . . . | 142 |
| Right half back . | Winthrop K. Biddle, of Phila., Penn. | 158 |
| Left half back . | Riley Peters . . . | 147 |
| Full back . . | Homer Withersby . . . | 163 |
| Quarter back . . | Elmer Pratt . . . | 131 |

| AMERICUS BUSINESS MEN | | WEIGHT |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|--------|
| Centre . . . | Newt Pumphrey . . . | 174 |
| Right guard . . | Jake Noblock . . . | 225 |
| Left guard . . | Will Nesbit . . . | 163 |
| Right tackle . . | E. H. Small . . . | 127 |
| Left tackle . . | — Johnson . . . | 214 |
| Right end . . | Frank Potter . . . | 117 |
| Left end . . | Charley Hitchcock . . . | 198 |
| Right half back . | Alf Clevison . . . | 182 |
| Left half back . | John Michaels . . . | 213 |
| Full back . . | Hector Jones . . . | 174 |
| Quarter back . . | William Small . . . | 219 |

ADDITIONAL NOTES

Rev. Walpole and several of the rollicking little Walpoles were interested spectators.

Mrs. Riley Withersby and Miss Kate Warden viewed the contest from a vehicle. A little bird tells us that we may soon have a pleasant piece of news to announce in regard to Miss Kate.

Elmer Pratt, while making a long dash down the field, stopped to tie his shoe and lost the ball. Elmer said "Kings ex," but not soon enough to prevent the right guard of the opposing team from falling on him.

The mysterious stranger, whose movements in and about Bird Center have caused much speculation, rode up and watched the game for a few moments and then galloped swiftly away. Capt. Fry is certain that he has seen the man before, but he cannot quite place him. He is not certain whether it was at the Battle of Gettysburg, Pa., or some place elsewhere. "I never forget a face," says Capt. Fry, "but I find it hard to remember names and dates." Let us hope for an early solution of the mystery.

Cyrus Hornbeck of the Bird Center Bank watched the game for a few moments and then left in disgust. "There's no fool like an old fool," said he as he watched Mort Peters participating in the game. Mr. Hornbeck has raised the rent on the Tin Type Studio of Mr. J. Milton Brown.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE HAY WAGON FUNCTION



MR. SMILEY GREENE
The popular undertaker, and wife
From a picture by Mr. J. Milton Brown



Bird Center was agog last week in the brilliant whirl of social functions held in honor of Miss Cecelia Pumphrey, daughter of Congressman Pumphrey. Miss Pumphrey is a guest at the residence of Mrs. Riley Withersby. Among the many functions was a grand hay wagon party in honor of Miss Pumphrey.



Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, attended the hay wagon party given last week in honor of Miss Pumphrey. Smiley drove his spanking team and was accompanied by Mrs. Greene and two of the lesser Greens.



Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist of Bird Center, secured some excellent photos of the grand hay wagon party held in honor of Miss Pumphrey, daughter of Congressman Pumphrey.

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The Hay Wagon Function in Honor of Miss Pumphrey, Daughter of Congressman Pumphrey

All Bird Center united last week to do homage to Miss Cecelia Pumphrey, the beautiful and charming daughter of our congressman. Each member of local society vied to outdo the others in the lavishness of his entertainment, so that the week was an unbroken round of social gayety that played hob with the business and commercial interests of the town. Several stores were closed in order that the enjoyment of the various functions might not be interfered with. Seven elaborate dinners, six luncheons, and several breakfasts were given, and in addition there were driving parties and other functions galore. So that it is little wonder that Miss Pumphrey enjoyed herself to the fullest extent and left Bird Center with a heart full of gratitude and a mind thronged with pleasant memories. Perhaps the most gala of all the functions was the elegant hay wagon party given last Thursday, which was attended by a full quota of our society leaders. It was originally planned that the merry-makers go to Hornbeck's Grove, where a large bonfire was to be held, but Mr. Hornbeck asked too large a rental of the premises, so the party drove out to the farmhouse of Fremont Clevinger, where fried chicken, etc., was served. Mine Host Mort Peters and Mr. Wes Kidwell tooled the two hay wagons, respectively, and won many encomiums for their excellent skill. Miss — Pickett of Danville, Ill., and Mr. Riley Peters were present on a tandem, for it is Mr. Peters'

intention to make cycling a social fad again, as it was several years ago. Mrs. Riley Withersby drove out, accompanied by Miss Pumphrey, in a beautiful picture hat which enhanced rather than otherwise, her pleasing appearance. Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Phila., Pa., and Miss Kate Warden also were guests of Mrs. Withersby. It was a source of general regret that the chicken dinner had to be hastily discussed in order that the party be back in town in time for the dinner given that evening by Mrs. Smiley Greene. All in all, a most delightful function was the hay wagon party.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

The mysterious stranger was present as an onlooker. Captain Fry is sure that he has seen the man somewhere before, but try as he may he cannot remember the circumstances.

Rev. Walpole was present and occupied a seat of vantage on Mort Peters' wagon. Rev. W. believes that it is not necessary for a preacher to be sanctimonious in order to be good.

It is rumored that Mr. Riley Peters is engaged to Miss — Pickett of Danville. Up to the hour of going to press the rumor could not be verified.

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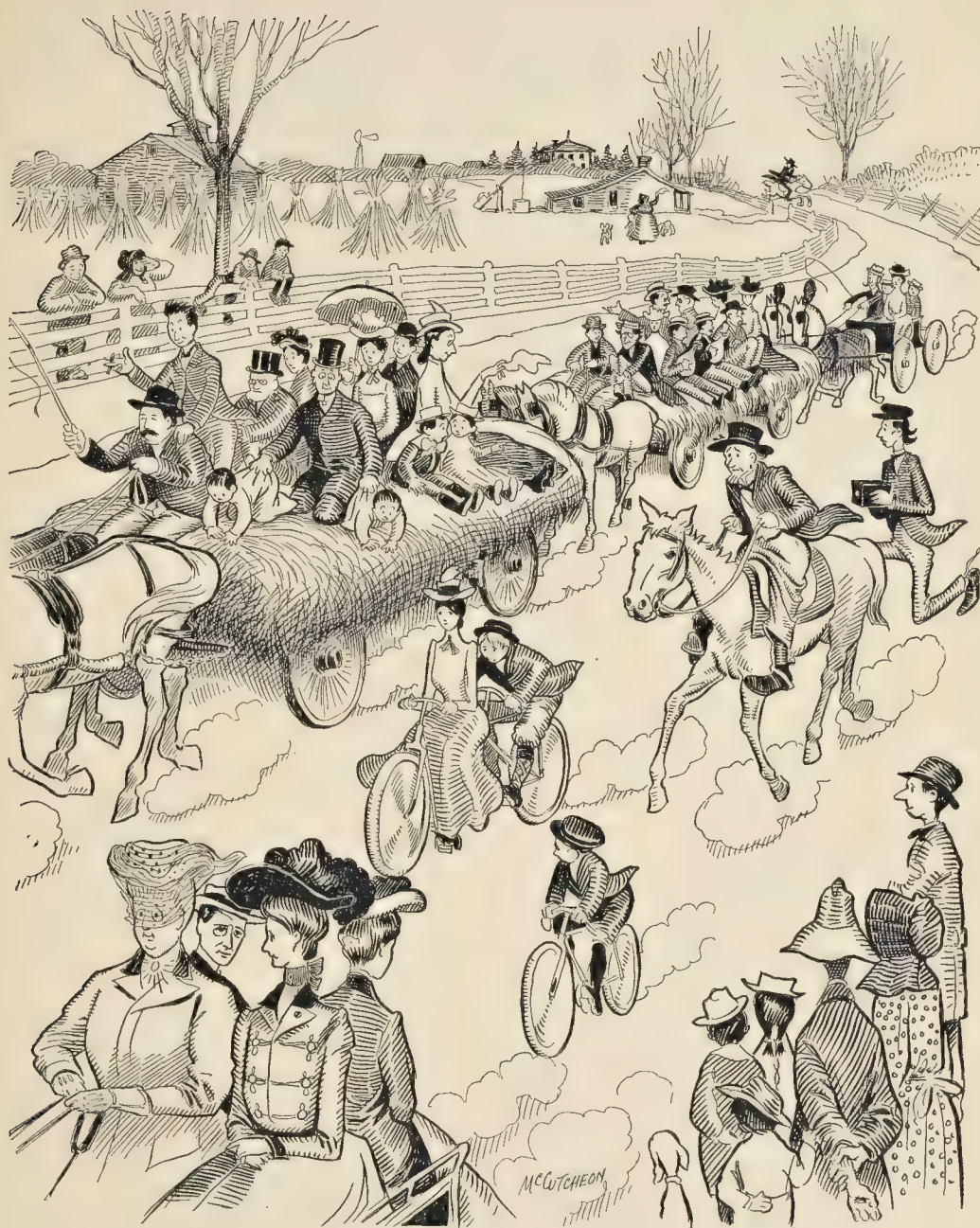
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A NIGHT IN BOHEMIA



MISS FLOSSIE NIEBLING
Daughter of Dr. Niebling
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown



"There must be no formality here," said Mr. Smiley Greene at the Bohemian function held in Mr. J. Milton Brown's tintype studios. "Take off your coats if you want to, for this is a night for untrammelled revelry."



Last Thursday night was a night in Bohemia for Bird Center society. Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist, gave a Dutch supper in his studio, and every one conspired to give the occasion the true artistic atmosphere. Mr. Elmer Pratt was dressed to represent a student of the Latin quarter in Paris, France.



Mr. J. Milton Brown the well known artist was attired as Svengali at the studio party. It required a keen imagination to think that one was not in the Latin quarter of Paris instead of Bird Center.



Mrs. J. Milton Brown, née Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, was attired as Trilby at the Bohemian affair given in her liege lord's studio last Thursday evening. She added much to the artistic atmosphere.



Miss Flossie Niebling presided at the chafing dish and made a Welsh rarebit that would have been most toothsome had the alcohol not given out.



Rev. Walpole was prominently seen at the Bohemian festivities held last Thursday in Mr. J. Milton Brown's tintype studios. He had difficulty in keeping the rollicking Walpoles out of the darkroom.

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A NIGHT IN BOHEMIA

Like some brilliant function in the Latin Quarter of Paris, France, was the post-nuptial Dutch supper given in the Tin Type Studio of Mr. J. Milton Brown under the auspices of himself and talented wife last Thursday evening. To many of those present it was the first glimpse of the real, rollicking, Bohemian life led by artists, and as such it was a more than memorable event. Truly, it was a night of revelry, and all our local society people threw aside the conventionalities of modern society and gave themselves up to the fascinations of untrammelled gayety. Mrs. J. Milton Brown, who will be remembered as having formerly been the daughter of Captain Roscoe Fry, arranged the details of the affair, and it is needless to say that success crowned her efforts with a prodigal hand. Many of the guests were attired in true artistic style with velvet coats and flowing ties, and, as if to accentuate the artistic atmosphere, Mr. Brown was dressed as Svengali and Mrs. Brown as Trilby, two well known characters of the Latin Quarter. At an early hour Mr. Smiley Greene announced that every one should be as Bohemian as possible. Smiley took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and passed the cob pipes, so that soon the artistic atmosphere was prevalent. Mr. Chris C. Newbower said he didn't know how to be Bohemian, but would keep his hat on if that would help any. Several of the ladies presided at the chafing dish and the frankfurters were most toothsome. Tea was served and other tempting delicacies regaled the inner man. One of the rollicking Walpoles created some consternation by inquiring of Rev. Walpole if they

were going to have ice cream, a question that embarrassed the hostess exceedingly. Another of the Walpole children, not realizing the social nature of the affair, inquired frequently whether Mr. Brown was going to take a photograph. Notwithstanding these circumstances the post-nuptial affair was a grand success. May there be many more of them.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

Congressman Pumphrey and his son Newton were present. The congressman made a short speech, in which he said the country was prosperous and that he would get a new post-office for Bird Center. He went to Washington Saturday, and before leaving said that he would not vote for the naval increase unless he gets the appropriation for the Bird Center P. O.

Congressman Pumphrey, who is our most eligible widower, entertained Mrs. Withersby with a glowing account of the attractiveness of Washington to those in official life. She was much interested.

Miss — Meadows of Madison, Wis., is visiting Miss Myrtle Peters. Mr. Riley Peters is doing the honors.

Capt. Fry has not yet been able to remember where he has seen the mysterious stranger.
 — J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER SPEAKS



MISS MAE NIEBLING
Daughter of Dr. Niebling
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown

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Bird Center Agog Over Mysterious
Stranger.

INTENSE EXCITEMENT!



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All About Bird Center Sensation.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.



INTENSE EXCITEMENT!

Captain Fry's Revelation.

THRILLING STORY!



CAPTAIN FRY REMEMBERS.

Bird Center in Throes of Excitement.

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THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER SPEAKS

At a late hour Saturday afternoon Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle sent out invitations to the social elect asking them to an informal supper that evening at the Bird Center house. On the cards were the figures "11 to 6," which Mr. Elmer Pratt construed to mean the hours for the entertainment, and was on hand promptly at 6. Elmer had to await three hours, however, for it was not until 9 o'clock that the remainder of the merry-makers began to gather. Truly, all were upon the alert in anticipation of a jovial time, and knowing ones surmised that Mr. Biddle intended to make an interesting announcement regarding himself and a very charming young lady of Bird Center. Each guest was met by the host and informed that the event was in celebration of Princeton's victory over Yale by a score of 11 to 6. For a while all went well as a marriage bell, when suddenly, like lightning from a serene sky, the rude hand of Fate strode in and ruthlessly destroyed the bon camaraderie of the function.

It was the Mysterious Stranger, whose presence in Bird Center has been such a perplexing mystery!

He boldly stalked into the midst of the gay throng, and, tapping Capt. Fry on the shoulder, said in a deep voice, "Capt. Jacob Roscoe Fry, you are, indeed, the most fortunate of men!" The gallant captain staggered back as if struck by a bombshell, and a wild look of recognition flashed in his eyes. "That voice—that voice," he gasped. "I remember, I remember!" and fell fainting into the arms of Rev. Walpole. In the confusion that followed the stranger disappeared as if by magic. Capt. Fry was removed to his home and Dr. Niebling has invoked absolute quiet for his patient. Up to the hour of going to press he had not recovered consciousness, and all Bird Center awaits breathlessly for his recovery. Intense

excitement reigns, and the subject monopolizes all conversation. The solution of the mystery may explain who saved Capt. Fry's home from Cyrus Hornbeck when the latter attempted to foreclose the mortgage. It may also explain who entered, under Capt. Fry's name, the horse that beat Cyrus Hornbeck's trotter at the county fair. It may explain the \$100 bill that was anonymously sent to the ninth rollicking Walpole. And it may explain the mysterious card that bore the name "Hamilton Bullwinkle." In the meantime local circles are agog.

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ADDITIONAL NOTES

The question of the hour is, "What did the Mysterious Stranger mean when he said that Capt. Fry is the most fortunate of men?"

—o—

Congressman Pumphrey writes from Washington that he will oppose the recognition of the Republic of Panama unless Bird Center gets its appropriation for a new postoffice. He also dwells at length upon the gayety of the social life there and the charming attractions of Washington as a residence city.

—o—

It is rumored that Mr. Riley Peters is engaged to Miss Meadows of Madison, who has been visiting in Bird Center.

—o—

Mr. Chris C. Newbower thinks the Mysterious Stranger is here on some kind of an advertising scheme, and as soon as everybody is interested the scheme will be sprung.

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Mr. and Mrs. Smiley Greene announce a SWAP party for next Thursday evening.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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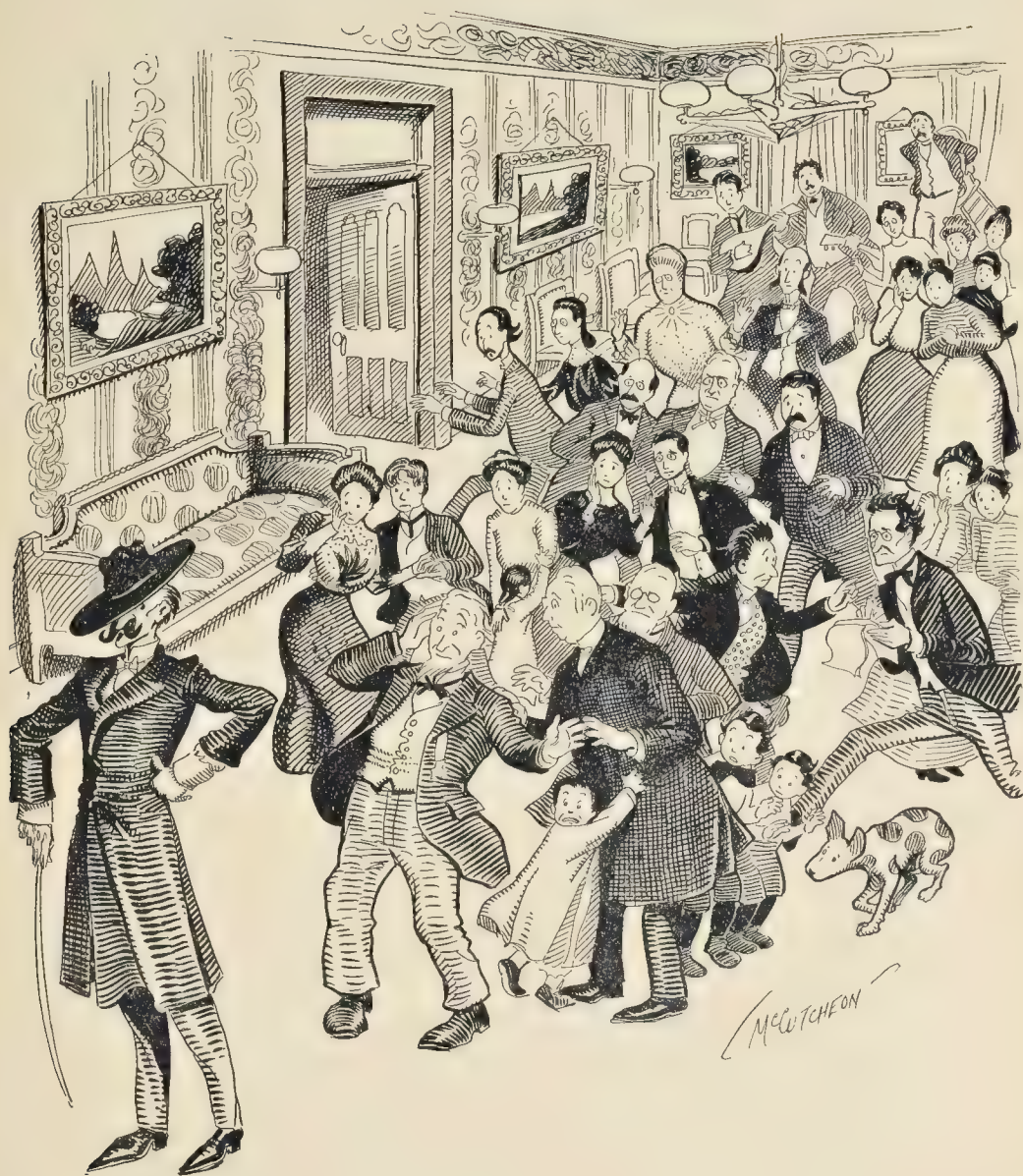
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THE SWAP PARTY



MISS MYRTLE PETERS
The debutante daughter of Mine Host
Mort Peters
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown



We're glad to hear the doctor say
That Fry is in no danger,
And when he's well that he can tell
Us all about the Stranger.



When Smiley Greene does undertake
To give a social function,
The people know that they can go
Without the least compunction.



Elmer Pratt was also at
The party in Bird Center.
His polka dot cravat was shot
With spots of bright magenter.



J. Oscar Fisher, who is he?
He's the editor of the Argosy;
He gets the news from round the town,
He writes it up and jots it down,
He's here and there and everywhere,
Tells where you go and what you wear,
And if you do anything that's new
He'll get up an item or interview,
And put your name in the paper.



Rev. Walpole, don't you know,
To Smiley Greene's did gayly go.
He now agrees, with features glad,
That a lovely time by all was had.



The swap party given by Smiley Greene
Was the best Bird Center has ever seen;
Society leaders were there galore
And enjoyed themselves as never before.

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THE SWAP PARTY AT THE SMILEY GREENES'

Right royally did Mr. and Mrs. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker and his wife, respectively, entertain the elite of Bird Center last Thursday evening at their hospitable home. It was a swap party. Were you ever at a swap party? You can swap away anything you don't care to keep. Everybody brings the things they wish to trade, all carefully wrapped up, so that you don't know what you're trading for. It's trade sight unseen, and everybody keeps swapping until he gets something better than he started with. Ye editor ended the evening with a broken vase, a pair of ex-suspenders, and a broken pipe. The last swap of the evening was when Mr. Riley Peters swapped with Rev. Walpole. All the company gathered around as the good parson undid his package. "Ah, Riley, I'm afraid you are going to play a joke on me," said Rev. Walpole, as he noticed the amused interest of the throng around him. Several of the rollicking Walpoles clamored to know if the package contained candy. At length, after having untied several inner packages, and dreading the laugh that he felt was to be at his expense, Rev. Walpole came to a little box. It contained a beautiful gold watch, with the following inscription: "To Rev. Wesley Walpole, from his loyal friends of Bird Center. A man is he to all the country dear." Rev. Walpole attempted to express his thanks, but broke down, and silently grasped the hands of his devoted friends. After this the assembled company adjourned to refresh the inner man with the tempting viands that fairly made the table groan. Mrs. Greene was much mortified to find that Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry, who were out on the hall stairway rendering the mandolin music, had not been notified that supper was

being served until it was nearly over. "I may be wedded to my music," said Wilbur, resentfully, "but I occasionally like to frivol with a piece of cake." All had a good laugh at their expense. The party closed at the witching hour of midnight, and the guests soon sought the arms of Morpheus. To say they had a good time is putting it mildly.

—o—

ADDITIONAL NOTES

Miss Kate Warden is in Chicago shopping. Bird Center society is exchanging many a knowing wink.

—o—

Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle has returned to his home in Philadelphia, Pa., to spend Thanksgiving. He will return immediately afterwards to look after his interests here.

—o—

Mr. Chris C. Newbower was also present at the swap party. Chris said that he had nothing to swap unless some one wanted to swap a few fish stories.

—o—

Miss Meadows has returned to her home in Madison, Wis. Before leaving she said there was no truth in the report of her engagement to Mr. Riley Peters.

—o—

Miss Maltby of Decatur, Ill., is soon to be a guest at the Nieblings.

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Mr. and Mrs. Mort Peters expect to introduce their daughter, Miss Myrtle, to society this winter. A number of debutante luncheons will be held.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE THANKS- GIVING SUPPER



MESSRS. WILBUR FRY AND
ORVILLE PETERS

Who always bring the music
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown

One of the Rev. Walpole's children was found to be weeping after it had eaten its fill at the Thanksgiving Supper. The rollicking youngster was deploring the fact that he had eaten so much turkey that he had no room left for the ice cream. "Such is life," observed the Rev. Walpole, sententiously.



One of the turkeys that played a star part at the Bird Center Thanksgiving supper weighed twenty-eight pounds, and was brought up on Fremont Clevinger's farm. Fremont and his wife were fond of "Sultan," such being the name of the majestic fowl, and were loath to part with him.

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THANKSGIVING SUPPER IN HONOR OF MISS MYRTLE PETERS

"Mine Host" Mort Peters of the Bird Center House was the host at a superb function held at our local caravansary last Thursday evening. It was originally intended that the occasion be a sumptuous supper in honor of the brave men and women who landed at Plymouth Rock, Mass., 283 yrs. ago, but the plan was later changed to include the introduction of Miss Myrtle Peters to society. And perhaps never before did a young bud make her maiden bow to the great vortex of society under more auspicious circumstances. The host of social leaders; the great dining room echoing with inspiring strains; the splendid repast that might have done Lucullus proud; all conspired to make the occasion one long to be remembered. The table was decorated with turkey wings and flowers, a happy idea for which Mr. Riley Peters won many encomiums. Judge Warden made a few happy remarks before the tempting viands were brought in and dwelt eloquently upon the years of social triumphs that now lay before the young debutante. "All honor to womanhood," he said. "The nation's greatness rests with the hand that—" At this point he paused with impressive effect, and in the eloquent silence was heard the small voice of one of the rollicking Walpoles, "Are they going to have ice cream, ma?" The judge sat down in great confusion, and many were the jokes at his expense. A telegram was received from Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle from Philadelphia, Pa., wishing all Bird Center a happy Thanksgiving day. Before the entertainment closed a letter signed by all present was sent to Captain Fry, expressing the hope that his proverbial good health would soon return.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

Mr. Chris C. Newbower looked in at the festal board and was spied by Rev. Walpole, who insisted that Chris straightway join the merry throng.

It is rumored that Mr. Riley Peters is engaged to Miss — Maltby of Decatur, Ill. Riley refused to be interviewed on the subject, but Miss M—— said that she had not heard the rumor.

A debutante luncheon will be given on Monday by Mrs. Smiley Greene for Miss Myrtle Peters. The following will be present: Mrs. Riley Withersby, Mrs. D. I. Black, Mrs. Dr. Niebling, Mrs. J. Milton Brown, Miss Flossye Niebling, Miss Mae Niebling, and Miss Kate Warden.

A debutante tea will be given on Tuesday by Miss Kate Warden for Miss Myrtle Peters. The following will be present: Mrs. Riley Withersby, Mrs. D. I. Black, Mrs. Dr. Niebling, Mrs. Smiley Greene, Mrs. J. Milton Brown, Miss Flossye Niebling, and Miss Mae Niebling.

A studio tea will be given by Mrs. J. Milton Brown in honor of Miss Myrtle Peters next Wednesday. The following will be present: Mrs. Riley Withersby, Mrs. D. I. Black, Mrs. Dr. Niebling, Mrs. Smiley Greene, Miss Flossye Niebling, Miss Mae Niebling, and Miss Kate Warden.

It is rumored that a bal poudré is to be an event of the near future. Mrs. J. Milton Brown has charge of the function, and it promises to be a great success.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE DANCING CLUB ENTERTAINMENT



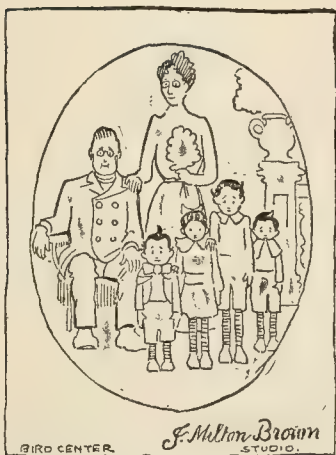
MR. GUS FIGGEY
Of Chicago, the busiest man in the world
From a photograph by a well-known photographer



Portrait of Mr. Riley Peters and Miss — Applegate of Veedersburg, Ind. Riley is a great hand with the girls, especially the visiting young ladies.



This is a portrait of Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa. He became acquainted with Miss Kate Warden when the latter was attending Bryn Mawr. A little bird tells us that he has come all the way to Bird Center to be near her. Mr. Elmer Pratt is also a suitor for her favor. Who will win the prize?



We are indebted to Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist of the Bird Center tintype studios, for this excellent picture of the Rev. Walpole, Mrs. Walpole, and half of the rollicking little Walpoles. These worthy citizens of Bird Center will appear in greater detail in to-morrow's "Argosy."



Portrait of Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, and wife. If you are interested in them, see this week's "Argosy." They are always among those present at all social gatherings.

Mrs. Smiley W. Greene, Wife of the Popular Undertaker, celebrates Thanksgiving by entertaining the Dancing Club

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The Dancing Club met at the home of Mrs. Smiley W. Greene on Thanksgiving eve. A full quota of our fellow townsmen attended and all agreed on parting that a most enjoyable time was had. Mrs. Greene was beautifully gowned in a blue and white creation trimmed with sprays of immortelles. Elegant refreshments were served and the occasion was rendered quite Bohemian in character by the presence of our talented local artist, J. Milton Brown of the Bird Center Tintype Studios. Rev. Walpole and family dropped in for a few moments during the early part of the festivities.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NOTES

Chris C. Newbower was also among those present at Mrs. Smiley W. Greene's dancing club entertainment. Chris says that he is not much of a shining light in the social whirl.

Miss — Barnard, of Xenia, Ohio, who has been visiting the Misses Niebling, has decided to remain here a week longer. Here's to you, R—y P—s.

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THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER'S STORY



MR. CHRIS C. NEWBOWER
Who attends anyway
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown



"South of Mason and Dixon's line they call me 'Cannonball' Peyton, because I happened to pick up a live bombshell and toss it into a river two seconds before it exploded. My comrades seemed to think it was a commendable act."—Extract from the story of Col. Calhoun Peyton, the Mysterious Stranger.



"Down in Texas they call me 'Tombstone' Peyton. One day when Capt. Lawton was chasing Geronimo a bunch of Apaches surrounded the post, set fire to the fort, and corralled eight of us out in the garrison cemetery. Seven of us were killed, but I managed to hold off the Indians until reinforcements came. I don't deserve any credit for it, but the boys have called me 'Tombstone' ever since."—Extract from the story of Col. Calhoun Peyton, the Mysterious Stranger.



"He was a stranger and a cussed Yank, but he was a noble man and a hero."—Extract from the story of Col. Calhoun Peyton, the Mysterious Stranger.



"After Appomattox I swore that I'd never be reconstructed, and, by Jeemeses' River, I never will be. Down in Virginia they call me 'Unreconstructible' Peyton."—Extract from the story of Col. Calhoun Peyton, the Mysterious Stranger.

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THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER'S STORY

The readers of the Argosy may remember that considerable curiosity has been occasioned by the presence in Bird Center of a stranger whose actions have habitually been surrounded by much mystery. A short time ago he entered the Bird Center House, where a function was in progress, and tapping our honored townsman, Captain Fry, on the shoulder, he uttered a mystifying speech. "Captain Fry, you are, indeed, the most fortunate of men." The Captain fainted and became seriously ill, for the voice was one that seemed to come from a man who he supposed had been dead over forty years. Last Friday evening he had so far recovered as to be able to tell the story and many of his friends gathered at the hospitable Fry homestead to hear the truth.

"My friends," began the Captain, "I will tell you who this stranger is." At that moment the curtains parted, and standing before the assembled guests was the mysterious personage himself.

"Stop!" he cried. "I will tell the story." The company was thunderstruck. "My name is Col. Calhoun Peyton of the Confederate States of America. I have never been reconstructed, so that to-day I am probably the only living secessionist. I was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and was shot to pieces. A Yankee soldier stopped and gave me water and asked if I had any message to send home. 'Yes,' said I. 'You're a Yankee and I hate

you, but you're a noble man just the same. Take this old sword and give it to my mother. It was my father's in the Mexican war and my grandfather's in the war of 1812. Tell her that it has honored the name of Peyton to the last.' The Yankee took my name and told me his name was Roscoe Fry of the Eleventh corps, under Meade. For nearly two months that Yankee soldier clung to that battered old blade and finally managed to get through the lines and reach the Peyton homestead in Virginia. The sword is still in our family and the Peytons have honored the name of that unknown Yankee hero for over forty years. I swore that I should find him. I have searched the war records and have visited scores of Frys throughout the land. I found him in Bird Center, and by the great Lord Harry, he shall soon know how substantial is the gratitude of a Virginia Peyton. I have found him in financial distress, but before the week is over he shall see that I can also help a man that is down. My address is Col. 'Cannonball' Peyton, Virginia. A letter with that address will reach me. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you good-night, and to Bird Center, farewell forever." And before he could be stopped he had gone.

Bird Center is agog over the event and further developments will be awaited with interest.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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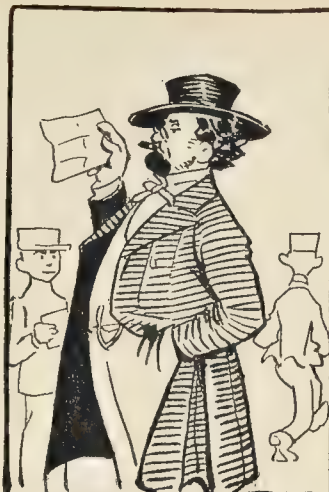
THE GRAND BAL POUDRE



MR. WES KIDWELL
The genial station agent
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown



Mrs. J. Milton Brown—née Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, formerly daughter of Capt. Roscoe Fry—visited Chicago last week to procure wigs, etc., for the Bal Poudre. When she tried on a Marie Antoinette coiffeur the wigreur ejaculated: "Ah, charmante, mademoiselle!" "Madame, if you please," answered Mrs. J. Milton. "Ees it posseeble?" exclaimed the wigreur. Mrs. J. Milton tells the story with much pride, for the Frenchman evidently considered her too youthful looking to be married.



Bird Center society leaders gave a grand Bal Poudre last week. Several telegrams were sent to Congressman Pumphrey in Washington asking him to dance in one of the quadrilles. When the honorable gentleman learned that he would be expected to powder his hair and wear silk knee breeches he wired his regrets. "I may want to run for office again," he said. Many were the regrets in local society circles, for the Hon. Ephraim has a handsome figure.



Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist, appeared at the Bal Poudre with hair powdered white and with silk stockings and knee breeches. At first glance a man would easily suppose that the centuries had parted and that some grand courtier of the time of the Grand Monarch stood before him. Mr. Brown's artistic nature prompted him to enter into the spirit of the occasion with unrestrained zest. He won many encomiums on his natty appearance and was constantly the center of an admiring throng.



Last week must have been the busiest week in the history of Bird Center, if all the stories the men told were true. Mrs. J. Milton Brown asked Judge Warden, Attorney Black, and Dr. Niebling to dance in the quadrille. "Men are so scarce," she said. But Judge Warden had some important court work to attend to; Attorney D. I. Black had to work day and night on a complicated brief, and Dr. Niebling said that he expected to be busy on the night of the quadrille. There was much regret on account of their inability to appear in wigs and breeches.

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THE GRAND BAL POUFRE

A veritable fairyland, indeed, was the grand Bal Poudre held last Thursday eve in the Knights of Pythias Hall, a courtly scene of regal magnificence that brought vividly back to mind the splendid sumptuousness of the Grand Monarch's reign, when France itself was staggered by the dazzling splendor of Versailles and the Tuileries. A scene that baffles human pen to adequately describe, a scene beside which all the overpowering gorgeousness of Europe pales into comparative insignificance. Imagine a bewildering vista of rainbows studded with blazing jewels; picture a flashing diadem of stars that bathed the world in brilliant radiance; fancy a great ballroom thronged with gallant courtiers and grand ladies treading the stately measures of La Minuet de la Court; and then in your mind's eye spread over this regal scene the magic effulgence of a thousand Aurora Borealis, and you may faintly conceive of the grandeur of Bird Center's first Bal Poudre.

There were two sets in the quadrille, under the auspices respectively of Mrs. J. Milton Brown and Mrs. Doctor Niebling. Those dancing in Mrs. Brown's set were Mr. and Mrs. J. Milton Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Smiley Greene, "Mine Host" Mort Peters, Miss Myrtle Peters, Miss Minerva Maltby of Decatur, and Mr. Gus Figgey of Chicago, who kindly consented at the last moment to take part. Mrs. Niebling's set was composed of Mrs. Niebling, Miss Flossye Niebling, Miss

Mae Niebling, Miss Kate Warden, Messrs. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Elmer Pratt, Riley Peters, Mr. Newt Pumphrey, son of Congressman Pumphrey.

The costumes were ravishingly beautiful. Mrs. Riley Withersby appeared in the costume of Marie Antoinette, but did not dance. Mrs. J. Milton Brown was in the costume of Mademoiselle Louise de la Vallière, Miss Warden appeared as Madame de Sévigné, Miss Myrtle Peters as Mademoiselle Très-Jolie. Mr. Gus Figgey took the honors among the men. He was gorgeously dressed and did more than his share of the dancing. At frequent intervals the ringing voice of Mr. Figgey could be heard above the music exhorting the dancers to "get busy and put some life in their work." Mr. Figgey is a prominent traveling salesman and has the reputation of being the briskest man in the business. He says that he will endeavor to "make" Bird Center once a week hereafter. "This town is hot stuff," says genial Mr. F.

A vast assemblage witnessed the ball from the gallery, and all united in bestowing many encomiums upon Mrs. Brown for the successful outcome of the ball. Mr. Pumphrey suggested that it be given again in the neighboring town of Americus, but the ladies are so tired out that they want to rest a while before thinking of repeating it. All in all, it was a magnificent function.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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MR. FIGGER'S PARTY



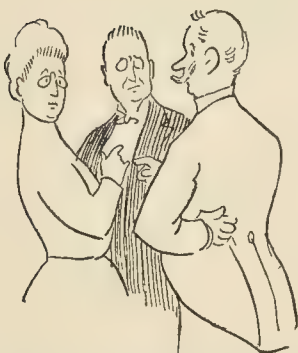
MR. RILEY PETERS AND MISS —
BARNARD
Of Xenia, O.
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown



Mr. Gus Figgey arrived in Bird Center on the 5 o'clock accommodation. By 6 he had decided to have a party, by 6:15 he had taken his list of guests to the "Argosy" office, by 6:30 he had telegraphed to Chicago for a pingpong set, by 6:45 he had ordered a phonograph from Peoria, and by 7 o'clock he had the florists decorating the parlor in the Bird Center House.



"Now be sure to spell my name right," said Mr. Gus Figgey to the editor of the "Argosy." "Nearly all you editors get it 'Figgy' instead of 'Figgey.' I want to get the name spelled right for I want to send a copy of the paper to a little friend up in Chicago."



"I'm going to make things hum in Bird Center," said Mr. Gus Figgey. "I'll make an hour seem like thirty minutes, and the guests at my party will enjoy themselves as if their lives depended on it."



Mr. Gus Figgey may best be described as a man who is twenty years ahead of his time and afraid it will catch up with him. Mr. Chris C. Newbower says that the more he sees of Mr. Figgey socially the more he admires him as a business man.

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MR. FIGGEY GIVES A PARTY

An affair long to be remembered was the entertainment given at the Bird Center House last Thursday evening under the auspices of the genial Mr. Figgey of Chicago. The party was elegant in detail and the scene during the height of the merrymaking was one of almost oriental splendor. The flash of jewelry, the rustle of silk and satin, the exquisite strains of music, and the delightful viands that tempted the inner man all combined to produce an effect of rare elegance. Mr. Figgey, the host, met the guests at the door and at once assigned them to the various forms of social enjoyment. "What's mine is yours," he announced, hospitably. "So get busy and have a good time."

Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, and ye editor, J. Oscar Fisher, were assigned to the pingpong table and beguiled a pleasant half hour in the seductions of that athletic sport. Mrs. Riley Withersby, Judge Warden, and Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Niebling were assigned to the whist table, Mr. Chris C. Newbower was entertained with a set of stereoscopic views of Niagara in winter, and Mine Host Mort Peters and Rev. Walpole were detailed to settle the checker championship of Bird Center. Mrs. Smiley Greene and Mrs. Mort Peters were led to the chafing dish by Mr. Figgey, who said, genially: "Now, ladies, fix us up something like mother used to make." Mr. Elmer Pratt and Homer Withersby were left in charge of the phonograph and were told to keep it hard at work. "Keep her going," said Mr. Figgey, "and don't mind anything it says. It does n't belong to the union."

Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry were invited to regale the assemblage with

some mandolin music. "Tear off a few yards of the dreamy," remarked Mr. F., "so that those who wish to dance may trip the light fantastic." Mrs. J. Milton Brown officiated at the piano and accompanied Messrs. Wes Kidwell and Ernest Pratt in some rollicking ballads. Mr. Pratt is from St. Louis and is now sojourning in our midst as the guest of his brother Elmer. The parlors were decorated with wreaths and festoons of smilax, with here and there an American flag tastefully draped. In addition to the other forms of entertainment, Mr. Figgey had an exhibition of posters, and later in the evening read an original poem entitled "Bird Center, Fairest Village of the Plain." A photo of the affair was made by Mr. J. Milton Brown, under the personal direction of Mr. Figgey. "Now, be sure to get a good one, Milton," exclaimed Mr. F. just before the flash exploded. All in all, it was the most eventful function ever held in Bird Center. "I shall never forget your party, Mr. Figgey," said Mrs. Withersby, on departing. "Nor I," added Chris Newbower, "no matter how hard I try."

ADDITIONAL NOTES

Capt. and Mrs. Roscoe Fry have returned from Virginia. We are reliably informed that Col. Calhoun Peyton, the mysterious stranger, has settled a large estate on the gallant captain. Mr. Cyrus Hornbeck of the Bird Center Bank was the first to call and offer his effusive congratulations. It is understood that Mr. Hornbeck wishes to handle the estate.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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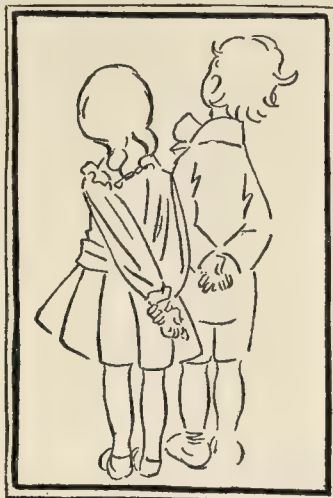
THE CHRISTMAS TREE



MR. RILEY PETERS AND MISS
MINERVA MALTBY
Of Decatur, Ill.
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown



Master Harvey Greene, son of Mr. Smiley Greene, was so agitated that he was afraid to go up for his present when Santa called his name. He finally yielded to a sustained maternal pressure from the rear, and soon was surrounding a choice assortment of candy.



The Christmas tree was the cynosure of all eyes. Several of the children observed with wonderment that the sleigh bells worn by Santa were exactly like Mr. Greene's sleigh bells.



All the children each received a large bag of mixed candy done up in a lovely pink mosquito net sack. It was delightful to see how the little people burrowed for the gumdrops



Mr. Chris C. Newbower and his little niece Celia were also present. Chris was sad when he noticed that all the other little children were getting so many more things than little Celia.

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THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Amidst the happy laughter of children and the singing of Christmas carols by the choir, composed of Messrs. Orville Peters, Wilbur Fry, Wes Kidwell, and Ernest Pratt, the brilliant Yuletide festivities in Bird Center went resounding down into history. Perhaps never before was Trinity church so thronged and never before was a Christmas tree so grand and generous. Like some enchanted cornucopia it was! From its spangled branches it rained beautiful benefactions to left and to right, and the wealth of its treasures seemed inexhaustible. Like a magician of old did Mr. Smiley Greene, who essayed the rôle of Santa, shower the bountiful fruits of that magnificent cone of dazzling splendor upon the fortunate people of Bird Center. He was assisted by Mr. Elmer Pratt, who from the heights of a trembling ladder plucked the presents from the topmost limbs. Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa., assisted Mr. Pratt, and Mine Host Mort Peters of the Bird Center House read off the

names from the presents. As each name was read the happy beneficiary stepped forward and received the present from Santa. Miss Minerva Maltby of Decatur, who is still in our midst, received a beautiful manicure set, and the wisacres looked knowingly at Mr. Riley Peters. All the children of the Sunday school received numerous presents and were agog with merriment as they opened the sumptuous bags of candy or inspected the elegant presents that Santa gave them. It was not until the presents had been entirely distributed that it was noticed that little Celia Newbower had received none, and had left the church crying, with her Uncle Chris. Much regret was expressed and Mrs. Riley Withersby is going to get some beautiful presents and take them to her. "It was a shame that we overlooked Celia," she said, "and the poor child must have been broken-hearted." Mr. Greene received many encomiums for his splendid rendition of the rôle of Santa Claus.

— J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE SURPRISE PARTY



MR. RILEY PETERS AND MISS
NORMA COUSINS
Of Lafayette, Ind.
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown



Riley Peters is authority for the rumor that if anybody on the bobsled had cold hands it was not his fault.



There was food galore for all who cared to eat at the home of Capt. Fry last Thursday evening. All expressed themselves as being delighted with the sumptuous viands.



Elegant refreshments were served and all agreed on parting that a lovely time was had.



It was a lap lunch that was served at the hospitable home of Capt. Fry by the genial host and his charming wife.

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THE SURPRISE PARTY AT CAPTAIN FRY'S

Calm was the night and through the trembling
air
Sweet strains of music did softly play.

'Neath a clear sky, serene save where the
slender crescent of Luna hung suspended like
the sword of Damocles; 'neath the great dome
of the heavens whose illimitable canopy was
spangled with countless constellations that
sparkled in the cold night air, did the local
society circles of Bird Center disport them-
selves in a grand bobsled party last Thursday
eve.

Midst jingling bells that rang with musical
rhythm upon the quiet night, making the
welkin ring with their tintinabulations; midst
song and laughter that awoke the silent echoes,
thus did society regale itself in pleasant di-
version. And truly, a royal time was partici-
pated in by all. Messrs. Kidwell and Ernest
Pratt sang some rollicking songs, among which
were "In the Evening by the Moonlight,"
"Jingle Bells," "Seeing Nellie Home," and
"My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." They
were accompanied by Messrs. Orville Peters
and Wilbur Fry on the mandolins.

After a jolly ride out to Fremont Clevinger's
and back the two commodious sleds with their
load of human freight drew up before the
hospitable home of Capt. and Mrs. Fry, for it
was a surprise party in honor of those worthies.
The gallant captain came to the door in great
alarm as he heard the clamor at his gate.
"Hello, here, what's all this hullabaloo
about?" he shouted. "We've come to sur-
prise you," sang out Doc Niebling. "Well,
you've done it," answered the captain. "I
thought it was a gang of Comanche Indians
that broke loose. Come right in and make
yourselves perfectly at home."

Quite an amusing incident occurred as the
merrymakers were disembarking, causing much
amusement. Mr. Riley Peters tried to wash
Miss Minerva Maltby's (of Decatur, Ill.) face
in snow, and succeeded after a desperate strug-
gle of a second or two. Mr. P. was so carried
away by the success of his ruse that he also
kissed Miss Maltby, to the great amusement
of the crowd. "That's right, Riley," yelled
Mr. Gus Figgey, "get busy. Don't let her
bluff you." Miss Maltby swore that she would
never speak to Riley again. "Boys will be
boys," quoth Rev. Walpole, laughingly.
"Yes, and some boys will be nuisances,"
answered Miss Maltby hotly. Later in the
evening, however, it was observed that the
unrepentant Riley had been forgiven and that
he and his lady friend were better friends than
ever.

Mrs. Walpole declared she was nearly frozen
when she arrived at their destination. "My
hands are like icicles," she said to Miss Maltby.
"Why, mine are n't a bit cold," answered Miss
M., and the remark was greeted by loud
shouts of laughter and shouts of "Riley!"
and the young lady was overcome with mor-
tification.

A splendid time was had by all who partook
of Captain Fry's generous hospitality. Cider
and nuts and apples and doughnuts were
brought forth from cellar and cupboard and
the revelers regaled themselves until the wee
small hours. At the conclusion of the enter-
tainment all present voted the Captain and his
wife charming hosts and three lusty cheers
were given. All in all, it was a delightful
function.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE GRAND MAS- QUERADE PARTY

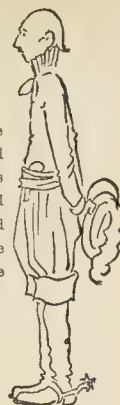


TWO OF THE ELDEST LITTLE
ROLICKING WALPOLES
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown



Mr. Riley Peters won the ladies' hearts by appearing at the masquerade in Bird Center as a Spanish toreador. "El toro! El toro!" shouted Riley as he danced into the hall, and all the little rollicking Walpoles were much alarmed in consequence.

Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist of the Bird Center Tintype studios, was one of the most beheld of all those who attended the Bird Center masquerade party. He appeared as Capt. Kidd, the well known pirate.



Mrs. Riley Withersby appeared as Good Queen Bess, more familiarly known to readers of history as Queen Elizabeth of the Elizabethan period of England. A truly queenly figure, was the universal comment.

Mrs. J. Milton Brown, née Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, formerly daughter of Capt. Roscoe Fry, looked sweet and winsome as Barbara Frietchie last week at the Bird Center masquerade party. She was the observed of all observers, and vied with all others for the honors of the evening.



Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, essayed the rôle of Mephistopheles at the Bird Center masquerade party, and all present voted his rendition of the rôle as being most successful.

Mr. Elmer Pratt appeared at the masquerade party at Bird Center last week as a cowboy. Elmer looked liked a regular daredevil from the high hills, and won many encomiums by his fierce bearing.



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THE GRAND MASQUERADE PARTY

Unusually fine was the Masquerade Party held last Thursday evening in the K. of P. Hall at Bird Center. All the élite of the town were among those present, and many and varied were the costumes that graced the occasion. Indeed, it would be hard to say which was the most elegant, yet suffice to say all were extremely tasteful and pleasing to behold.

Mr. Riley Peters, as the dashing toreador, attracted universal attention and greatly amused the young people by his antics. Mrs. Riley Withersby, as Queen Elizabeth, wore a costume which in point of sumptuousness easily carried off the honors. Many and earnest were the encomiums that were showered upon "Good Queen Bess," all of which she received with becoming modesty.

Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, gave a genial rendition of the rôle of Mephistopheles and endowed that historic character with graces of manner which one would hardly suspect from his Satanic Majesty. Dr. Niebling appeared as Oliver Cromwell of England, and Mr. Elmer Pratt made a dashing cowboy in slouch hat and "chapparels." Elmer was most successful until he got tangled up in his lasso and had to be extricated.

Mine Host Mort Peters of the Bird Center House interpreted the rôle of Friar Tuck in a most pleasing manner, while Mr. Ernest Pratt of St. Louis paid a graceful tribute to his native city by appearing as St. Louis, the patron saint of the exposition city on the Mississippi. Capt. Fry looked warlike as Don Quixote, and was greeted with shouts of laughter as he made a valiant charge upon Mr. Gus Figgey of Chicago, who had been admonishing the merrymakers to "get busy." Mr. Figgey appeared as Napoleon and threw a new light upon the character of the great Corsican.

Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa., appeared in the uniform of a colonial soldier and won many encomiums from Miss

Kate Warden, who made a very charming Dolly Madison. Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry looked dashing in their costumes of troubadours, and enlivened the occasion with dulcet strains from merry mandolins. Mrs. Smiley Greene, as Empress Josephine, was tastefully garbed in fullest harmony, while Mrs. J. Milton Brown rendered the rôle of Miss Barbara Frietchie in a manner that evoked much admiration from all present.

Miss Minerva Maltby of Decatur was surpassingly beautiful as Miss Maud Muller, and was generously admired. Some one asked her why she had not brought her rake, and quick as a flash Mr. Figgey shouted, "Why, she did. There he is," and pointed to Mr. Riley Peters, who was quite nonplussed at the sally.

Mr. J. Milton Brown made the hit of the evening as Capt. Kidd. He was thoroughly en rapport with his part and looked every inch a pirate chieftain such as was the well known buccaneer, Capt. Kidd. Mr. Figgey suggested that Rev. Walpole should have played Capt. Kidd on account of the nine rollicking Walpoles that were present, but Rev. W. was attired as a Puritan father, and as such made a decided hit.

Mrs. Walpole essayed the part of Priscilla the Puritan maiden in a most happy vein. She carried Master Timothy Walpole, and Master Wesley Walpole, and made a most pleasing picture. As Mr. Biddle remarked, the anachronism was delicious, a compliment that Mrs. Walpole greatly appreciated, coming as it did from such a cultured gentleman as Mr. B. Mr. Homer Withersby took the rôle of Ivan the Terrible and looked most charming.

There were many other beautiful costumes, but space forbids an extended description. Ye editor attempted the part of Sam Weller. The function was voted a grand success, and all departed inwardly hoping that ere long the event will be repeated.

— J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE SKATING PARTY



THE NINTH ROLICKING WALPOLE
From a tintype by Mr. J. Milton Brown



Miss Minerva Maltby of Decatur, Ill., who has been visiting friends in Bird Center, left for home last Thursday. Mr. Riley Peters saw her off at the depot. "Now, be sure to write to me often, Riley," said Miss Maltby, just before getting on the train. "I'll write every day," said Riley, gloomily. "I don't see how I can live without you."



When the train bearing Miss Maltby pulled out of the Bird Center depot, Riley Peters sank upon a truck the picture of despair and loneliness. "I'm struck hard," he muttered sadly. "She's the only girl I've ever loved."



"Come, come, Riley," said Mr. Smiley Green, the popular undertaker, when he saw Riley Peters mourning for his departed sweetheart. "Be a man and brace up. She'll be back here again before long and, besides, Decatur isn't so awfully far away. In the meantime I want you to meet Miss Cousins of Lafayette, Ind., who is coming in on the west bound accommodation."



Miss Norma Cousins of Lafayette, Ind., was met at the depot by Mr. Smiley Green, whose family she has come to visit. Mr. Riley Peters was also present when the young lady arrived.



"Riley, I want you to meet the nicest girl in Indiana. Mr. Peters, this is Miss Cousins of Lafayette. You must be good friends while she is here." "Delighted to meet you, Mr. Peters," exclaimed Miss Cousins, brightly. "Are you any relation to the Judge Peters of Terre Haute?"



Mr. Riley Peters accompanied Miss Cousins in the surrey from the station and pointed out various points of interest for her delectation. "Over there," said Riley, gayly, "is where we are to have our skating party to-night. I speak to have you for my partner in the cotillon." "How lovely!" exclaimed Miss Cousins. "Why, I adore Bird Center already, and I'm sure I shall love everybody in it." "I hope so," said Riley, meaningly.

And Miss Cousins blushed very prettily.



Mr. Riley Peters escorted Miss Cousins of Lafayette to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Smiley Green, where she is to visit. Riley staid for tea and afterwards read her palm. "You have a wonderful power over men," he read, studying the cross hatching of her palm. "No man can resist your magnetic charm of manner." Miss Cousins talked of nothing else that evening at dinner but of what a delightful chap Mr. Riley Peters is.

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THE SKATING PARTY

Truly a scene of almost Bacchanalian gayety was Bird Center last Thursday evening, for it was then that the Skating Party was held at the grounds of the Country Club. The commodious clubhouse was lighted up and a huge fire blazed in the capacious fireplace, while before the cozy edifice was the pond of glistening ice upon which the skaters reveled. Scattered here and there were entrancing Japanese lanterns which imparted an almost oriental splendor to the scene. High in the starry firmament fair Luna beamed down approvingly at the gay assemblage. Among the skaters present ye editor noted several that would attract attention in any gathering. Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, was the life of the party. "Say, Smiley," shouted Mr. Gus Figgey, of Chicago, "it makes you feel good to have so many of us on ice, don't it?" Mr. Greene was deeply hurt by this remark and was on the point of going home when Mr. Figgey assured him it was just a funny remark and meant nothing. "Why, Mr. Greene," said "Gus," earnestly, "I would n't hurt your feelings for a hundred dollars." Mr. Ernest Pratt was one of the much admired figures observed weaving in and out among the gliders. Mr. P. skates with a slow and extremely graceful stride and won many encomiums. Mr. J. Milton Brown,

the well known artist, essayed his first attempt and was soon doing figure eights, etc., with much nonchalance. Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa., and Miss Kate Warden were much admired. "What an elegant couple they'll make," said Mrs. Withersby, with the kindly eye of a match-maker. "I reckon it's a go," answered Mort Peters. "I saw a package from some New York jewelry house that came to the hotel for him the other day. And that looks pretty suspicious, says I." Mr. Riley Peters and Miss Norma Cousins of Lafayette, Ind., were also much in evidence. Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry rendered some exquisite music, and elegant refreshments consisting of scalloped oysters, etc., were served in the clubhouse.

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ADDITIONAL NOTES

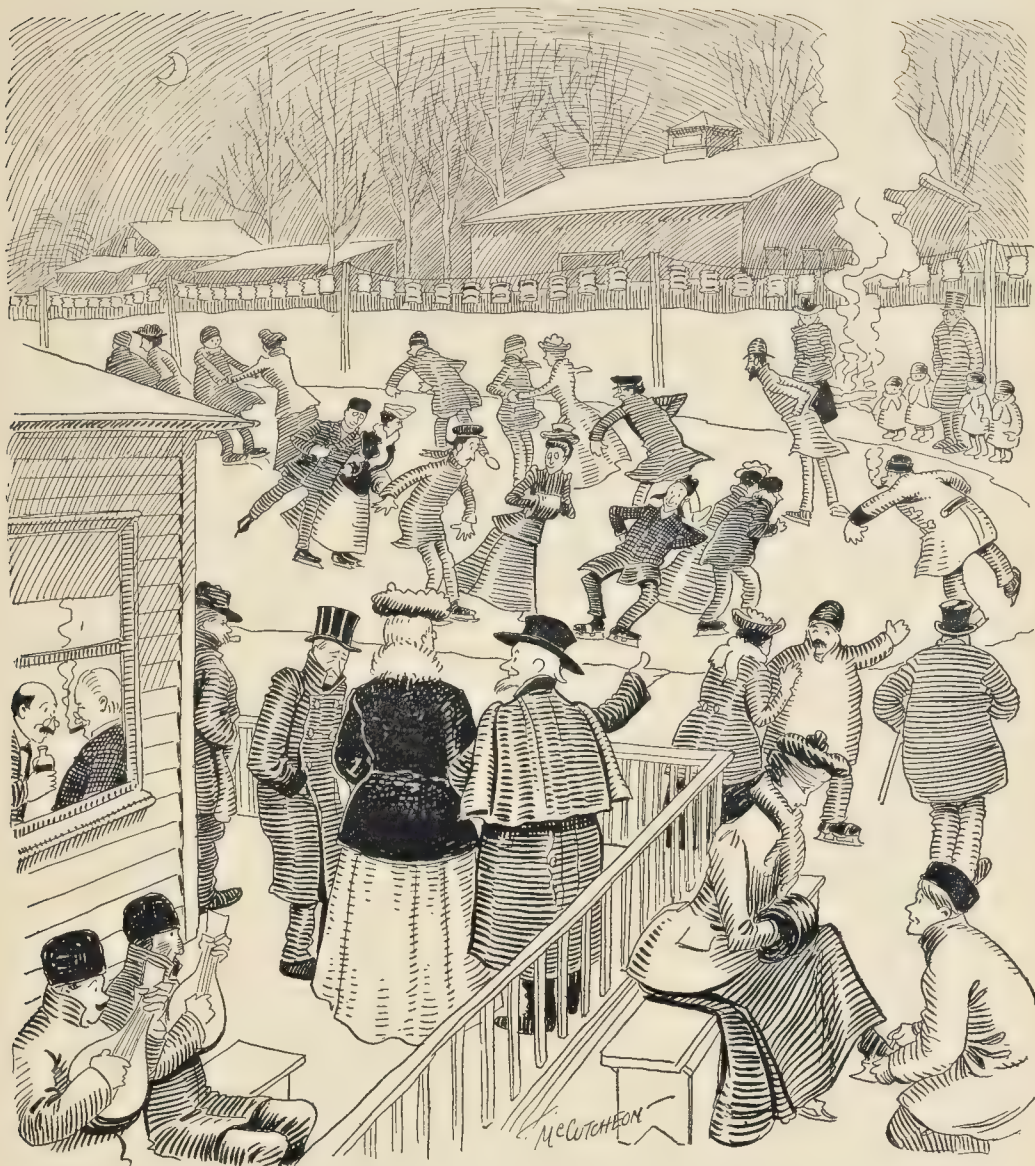
Mr. Cyrus Hornbeck of the State bank was among those present. We understand Mr. Hornbeck has lost considerable in steel stocks the past year. He was very attentive to Mrs. Withersby and was extremely friendly to Capt. Fry, who is soon to receive a large legacy from Virginia. Verbum sap, Captain.
—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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A LITERARY EVENING



MRS. RILEY WITHERSBY
Widow of the late Hon. Riley Withersby
From a painting by M. Careless-Durang, of Paris



Miss Kate Warden of Bird Center, the charming daughter of Judge Horatio S. Warden, attended Bryn Mawr and graduated with the class of '03. During the holidays of 1902 Miss Warden accompanied a crowd of Bryn Mawr girls to hear the Princeton Glee club sing in Philadelphia. She was enthusiastic in her praises of a Mr. Biddle, who sang an amusing topical song.



Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa., was one of the most popular men in the Princeton Glee club. At the entertainment the club gave in Philadelphia during the holidays of 1902 Mr. Biddle made a great hit with a topical song entitled "O, How He Rambled."



Bird Center society soon was aware that Mr. Biddle was devoting more time to Miss Warden than to his search for business opportunities. But they were undecided as to which of the two young men — Elmer Pratt or Winthrop K. — had the inside track. "I'll bet she takes Elmer," said Mort Peters, after studying the situation. "No, she won't," said Mrs. Peters; "she's perfectly crazy about Mr. Biddle, but doesn't want him to suspect it."



For several weeks Miss Warden carried on a desperate flirtation with Mr. Elmer Pratt, and was apparently oblivious to the fact that Mr. Biddle was in the neighborhood. Mr. Biddle was disconsolate and resolved to adopt heroic tactics. So he plunged into a violent flirtation with Miss Elsie Burbank of Morristown, N. J., who had come to visit her aunt, Mrs. Riley Withersby. Miss Warden suddenly lost interest in Mr. Pratt.



After a week, during which Mr. Biddle paid undivided attention to Miss Burbank of Morristown, N. J., Miss Warden was on the verge of a collapse. She had headaches which prevented her attending the functions where Mr. Biddle and Miss Burbank were likely to be. The days were wretched ones for her, and when Mr. Pratt called she was not at home.



When Miss Burbank left Bird Center there was a reconciliation between Miss Warden and Mr. Biddle, and both confessed that they had been "maneuvering." And now they are engaged and Bird Centerites are hoping that it will "take." "I knew all the time that it would come out that way," said Mort Peters, oracularly.

A LITERARY EVENING

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Seldom, if indeed ever, has an evening been more consecrated to the Feast of Reason than was last Thursday evening in Bird Center. For on that date the members of the Pierian Culture club met at the hospitable home of Judge Warden, there to indulge in intellectual essays, orations, discussions, and what not. Many and scholarly were the literary titbits, and if any one went home none the wiser for the evening's entertainment it was his own fault. Without the slightest exaggeration, the evening may be pronounced one of the most complete in the history of Bird Center, up to the time we go to press.

The parlor fairly radiated the warm hospitality of the host and contrasted agreeably with the sharp temperature outside, the hurtling snow, the nipping frost, etc., and gave a keener zest to life's joyous reign. Messrs. Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry opened the meeting with a solo on their mandolins, followed by other selections, which elicited much applause and were much appreciated by music lovers and even those who mutely admire the harmony of sound.

Mrs. J. Milton Brown, formerly the daughter of Capt. Roscoe Fry, then read a poem. "It is a little thing I scratched off on New Year's eve," she said, "and if you insist I'll be very glad to render it." Loud applause greeted this cheery introductory remark, and amidst absolute silence she read the poem, a copy of which the "Argosy" was fortunate to get.

"Tis New Year's eve, ring out the bells
And blow the blatant horn,
Sound loud the knells, with joy receive
And welcome New Year's morn!
Let every voice sing out in praise
Of January first,
The day of days when hearts rejoice,
Until they nearly burst."

Mr. J. Milton Brown, the well known artist, then read an essay, entitled "The Decadence of the Daguerreotype and the Relation of Photography to the Higher Expressions of Art." It was a scholarly exposition of the subject, and elicited many heartfelt encomiums for the author.

The following subject was then debated: "Resolved, That every man is doing the best he can, all things considered." Mr. Smiley Greene and Rev. Walpole took the affirmative and Attorney D. I. Black and Doc Niebling took the negative. It was decided in favor of the affirmative.

Judge Warden then announced the subject for general discussion—"What is success?"—and all partook in the arguments. Many and varied were the opinions as to what constituted "success."

Mr. Gus Figgey of Chicago was the first to express an opinion. "When a man makes a million dollars, and is able to hold on to it then I think he may be considered successful."

Judge Warden responded that "success" meant different things to different people. "For instance, is Mr. Hornbeck, our local banker, successful? He has great wealth but no friends. Is Mr. Smiley Greene successful? He has many friends and no wealth. Is Rev. Walpole successful? He has a fine, large family, all are well and happy, and he is beloved by all. Would he trade a single little Walpole for all of Mr. Hornbeck's wealth? Or would Mr. Hornbeck give all his wealth for a single little Walpole? Has Congressman Pumphrey achieved success? He occupies an exalted position, is strong with the administration, and has the entrée to the White house between certain hours. My friends, there is a different standard of success for every human being."

The discussion waxed hot and heavy till a late hour, when all departed, loud in their praise of the evening's entertainment.

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ADDITIONAL NOTES

Judge Warden announced the engagement of Miss Kate, his charming daughter, to Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa. Here is our hand, Winthrop. What is Bird Center's loss is your gain.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE AUTOMOBILE



MISS KATE WARDEN
Daughter of Judge Warden
From a photograph by Dyer



Winthrop K. Biddle, of Philadelphia, pays some glowing encomiums to Bird Center. "There is not a cross word in the whole history of Bird Center," he said, admiringly. Mr. Biddle is soon to wed one of our fairest daughters.



Rev. Walpole is working hard in his efforts to reform Mr. Chris C. Newbower, who has occasionally trifled with the wine when it was red. We hope that his labors may be rewarded with success.



Mrs. Riley Withersby is a lady you all would like to know. Someone has made this remark regarding her. "If everybody in the world was as nice as Mrs. Withersby the preachers would be out of their jobs, and we would have no further use for churches."



Mr. Gus Figgey, of Chicago, who is known among his friends as "the busiest man in the world," says that he would rather spend a week in Bird Center than a year in lots of other places he might mention. "This town is hot stuff," says the genial Mr. Figgey.



Mr. Chris C. Newbower, who has been drinking rather hard of late, is thinking of reforming. "Ever since that Christmas tree, when little Colia Newbower got no presents and all the rest of the children did, I have been very much depressed and consequently I might have taken a drop or two too much. Thanks to Rev. Walpole, though, I'm thinking seriously about mending my ways."



Capt. Roscoe Fry, who may be remembered as having been financially embarrassed some months ago, is now occupying a pleasant place on the sunny side of Easy Street. A legacy amounting to nearly \$60,000 has been left him by the Peyton family of Virginia. "Here's our hand, Captain, with the palm down, not up."

THE ARRIVAL OF THE AUTOMOBILE

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Bird Center was enlivened during the past week by the arrival of a fine automobile for Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa., who is sojourning in our midst. Quite a crowd gathered in front of the Bird Center house to inspect the beautiful machine, and all expressed themselves as being highly satisfied. Mr. B. took a number of citizens for a spin, and Mr. J. Milton Brown took a snapshot, which doubtless will be up to his usual high standard of artistic excellence. "What kind of a machine is it?" asked Capt. Fry of the proud owner. "It's a touring car," answered Mr. Biddle. "A bridal touring car?" shouted Mr. Gus Figgey of Chicago, with a roar of laughter. Miss Kate Warden blushed rosily at this witty sally, and all present had a good laugh at her expense.

PETTY POINTERS

It is rumored that Mr. Riley Peters is engaged to Miss Norma Cousins of Lafayette, Ind., who is visiting the family of Mr. Smiley Greene. The rumor could not be verified, but the wisecracks smile knowingly.

Hon. Ephraim Pumphrey, our distinguished congressman, writes from Washington, D. C., that he hopes to rush the bill for a new post-office in Bird Center to a successful conclusion. "If the bill is not passed," he writes, "I will block all legislation on the Panama canal. I think that I have the support of Congressman Landis of Indiana and Congressman Cousins of Iowa, and hope to enlist others in my behalf." Hon. Pumphrey has our earnest moral support and we wish him success in his undertaking.

Mr. Harve Quackenbush, our local liveryman, has purchased a new surrey for the summer trade.

Capt. Roscoe Fry has received notice from Virginia that an estate valued at nearly \$80,000 has been transferred to him by Col. Calhoun Peyton. It may be remembered that Col. Peyton was the mysterious stranger who was frequently seen in our midst some weeks ago and whose life was saved by Capt. Fry at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa. We all rejoice in Capt. Fry's good fortune, and there is already talk of running him for sheriff.

Here is our hand, captain, with the palm down.

Mr. Cyrus Hornbeck of the State bank has invited Capt. Fry to embark in a big mining investment with him. He desires the captain to put \$50,000 in the venture, but the doughty captain has refused to consider the proposition.

Mr. Chris C. Newbower, who has a heart as big as an ox, and a thirst in proportion, is seriously thinking of taking the pledge. When asked why he had been drinking so hard of late he gave the following explanation: "Well, you see, it was this way. On Christmas eve I took my little niece Celia to the church Christmas tree and all the children got presents except her, and that made her cry and made me feel so bad that—well, you know. But lately, Mrs. Withersby has been so nice to the little girl, giving her presents and having her to meals up to her house, that I feel sort of ashamed of myself, so I'm thinking of reforming. I don't promise to, but if they don't crowd me, I think it's likely that I'll brace up and be a man." Here is our hand, Chris.

Messrs. Wilbur Fry and Orville Peters were too late to get in the picture taken by Mr. J. Milton Brown last week. These two worthies were practicing some new tunes up in the Oddfellows' hall and did not hear of the picture until after it had been taken.

Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle of Philadelphia, Pa., gives the "Argosy" the following interview regarding his future plans: "I shall return to Philadelphia soon to make arrangements for my wedding to Miss Warden, which will probably occur in the spring. We shall go to Europe for a brief trip, and afterwards take up our home in Philadelphia, where we want our Bird Center friends to come and visit us. I've grown to be very fond of the good people here and I want to say most sincerely that I have never met a more genuine and generous lot of people in my life. And the town itself—well, there is not a cross word in the whole history of Bird Center." We shall be sorry to lose Mr. Biddle and we'll give him a wedding that he'll not soon forget.

—J. OSCAR FISHER.

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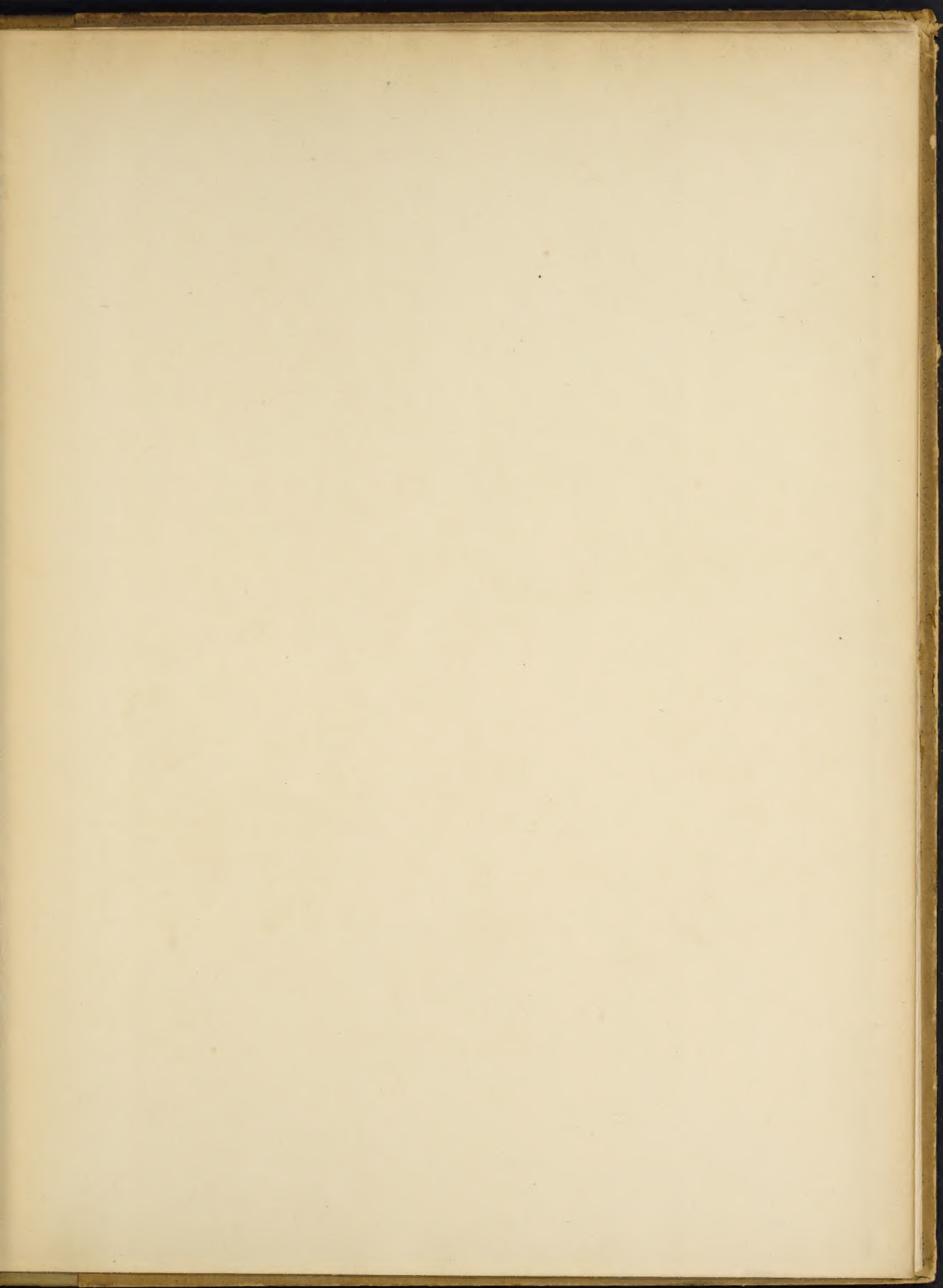
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